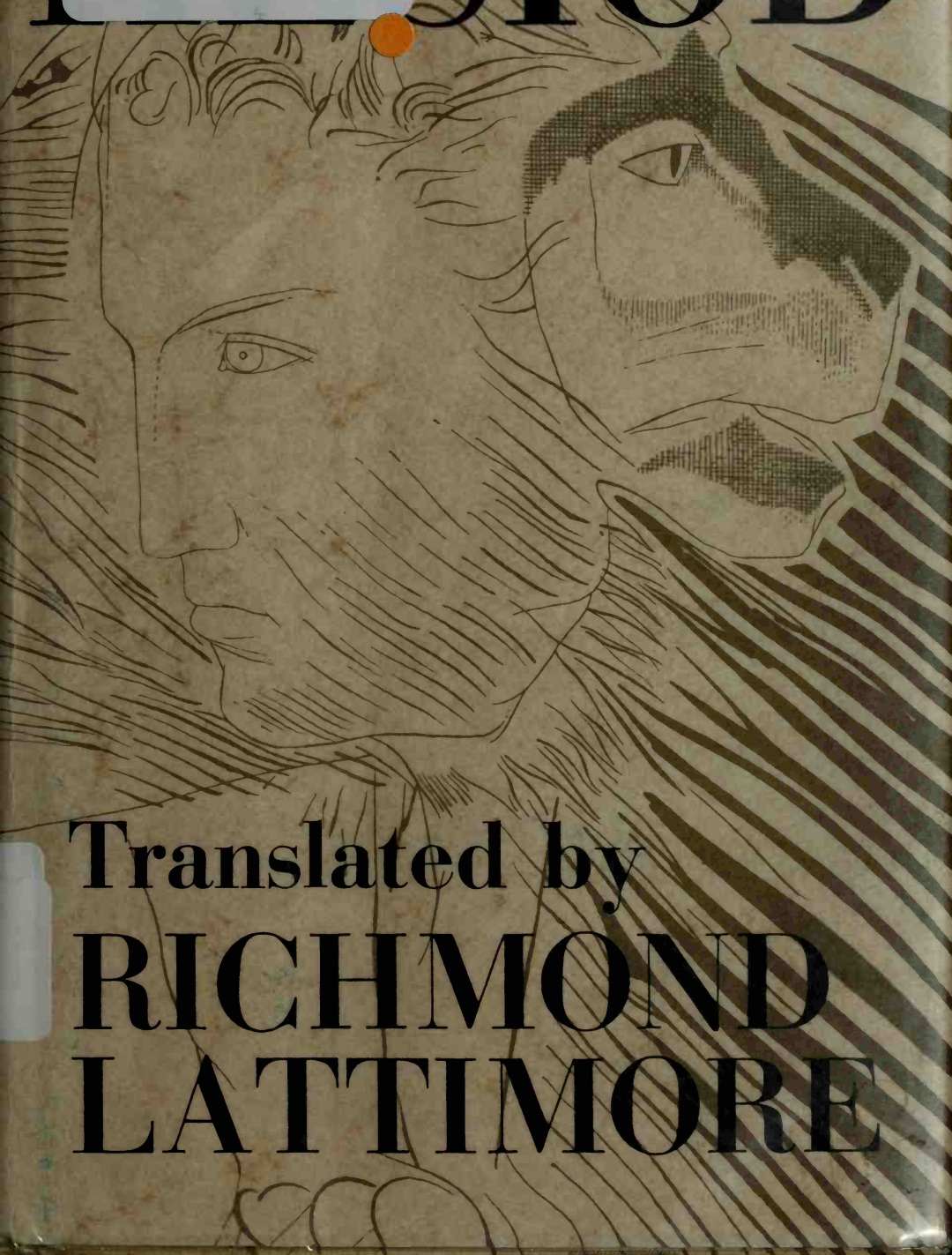


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# HERSIOD



Translated by  
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LATTIMORE**

"Mr. Lattimore writes the most accurate verse translations in the language. They have a tracing-paper literalness that hitherto seemed impossible, and the freshness of a scientific invention. He is not only closer to the Greek than any prose, but also more readable."

—Robert Lowell

HESIOD is the poet of the roadside grass and the many-colored earth, and of men who live by the soil. Echoes of ancient peasant wisdom, and of the mysteries of the earth, linger in his pages.

The poet tells how evil and labor came into the world, and how to escape want and misery. He describes the chores of the farm in their season, the winds from the wild Thracian hills, oppressive summer days, winter, a harsh time—*let it not catch you in need, as you try to warm a thick foot with a thin hand.*

There are ageless precepts on how to conduct oneself in everyday life; on the worth of good neighbors—*neighbors come as they are to help; relatives dress first; woman's guiles—it's your barn she's after*; and on leading a measured life in step with the immortals.

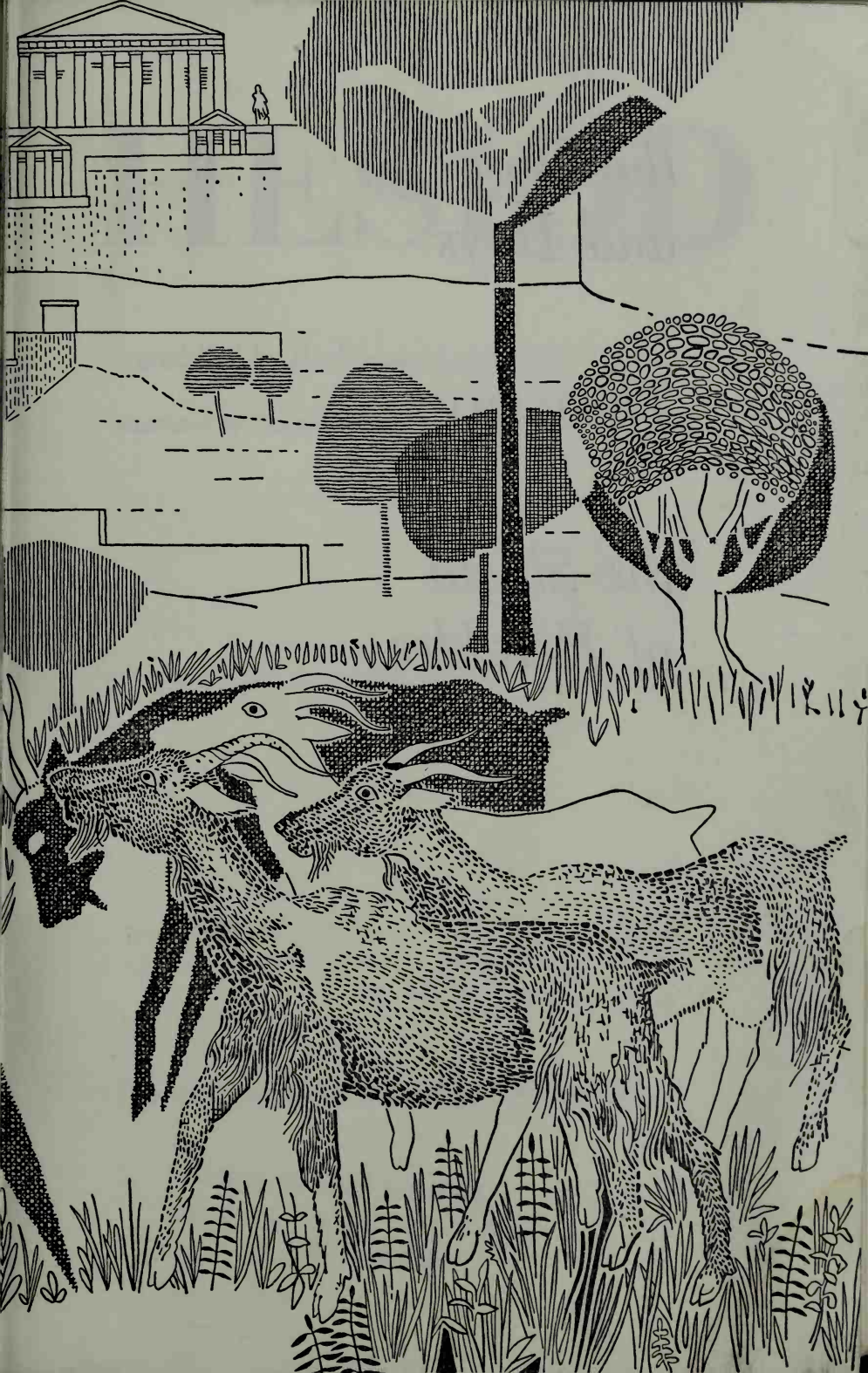
Hesiod speaks also of the gods who guard over justice and morality. His poems are informed by a spirit of moral rightness and lawful rule which earned

*continued on back flap*











# HESIOD

*translated by Richmond Lattimore*

*illustrated by Richard Wilt*

*The University of Michigan Press    Ann Arbor*

Marin County Free Library  
Civic Center Administration Building  
San Rafael, California

*the Works  
and Days*

*Theogony*

*the Shield  
of Herakles*



*Designed by George Lenox*

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# *Introduction*

## HOMERIC AND BOIOTIAN EPIC

The purpose of Homeric epic is principally to tell stories. Its materials are drawn from a series of events which took place, or are imagined to have taken place, not later than the twelfth century B.C. In the final form in which we find the two great Homeric poems, composed probably late in the eighth century B.C.,\* these events have been shaped and centered about the story of Troy, and emphasize in particular the actions of certain great heroes at the siege, and the further adventures and homecoming of one particular hero. The gaps in the whole saga were then filled in by the successors of Homer (in the now lost "Epic Cycle") until there was a complete narrative, in hexameter verse, which told the story of Troy from beginning to end. The aim of these successors was, to judge by fragments and summaries of them, even more exclusively narrative than was Homer's.

Materially, then, the Homeric epic tells the stories of the heroic age, some four centuries at least after the events themselves, and when the poet strays into his own present, this is accidental and incidental. Formally,

\* I follow generally the "late" chronology, which will be conveniently found in, for instance, Bury's *History of Greece* (third edition, with the essential revisions of Russell Meiggs, London: Macmillan, 1955).

the Homeric epic is composed in regular hexameter verse, and abounds in formulaic lines and metrical units. Since it is impossible that the meter itself, its formulae, and the material all originated with the final author (or authors) of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, we are forced to infer a long period of growth and crystallization of saga and metrical expressions alike, which involved generations of storytelling poets, now nameless and lost, between the events themselves and the completion of the two great Homeric poems.

We do not know where these poets, or Homer himself, lived. The successors of Homer came from various parts of Greece, on both sides of the Aegean. Homer himself is generally placed in the central part of Greek Asia Minor, in the region of Smyrna and Chios. The works of Homer, his predecessors, and his successors are often handily lumped together under the term "Ionian epic."

In Boiotia, in central Greece, there was an epic tradition which seems to have been at least partly independent. It produced three major works: the *Theogony*; the *Catalogue of Women* or *Eoiai* (preserved only in fragments, but to which is attached, as an excursus, *The Shield of Herakles*); and *The Works and Days*; and numerous minor, or worse attested, poems.\*

Let us for the moment leave in abeyance the question of Hesiodic authorship and speak simply of

\* Titles and fragments are to be found in Evelyn-White's Loeb edition (see bibliography). They include *The Divination by Birds*, *The Astronomy*, *The Precepts of Chiron*, *The Idaian Dactyls*, *The Marriage of Keÿx*, *The Melampodia*, *The Aigimios*, *The Great Works*, *The Great Eoiai*, and *Theseus and Peirithoös*. The relation of *The Great Works* to *The Works and Days* has been hitherto quite obscure, as is that of *The Great Eoiai* to *The Eoiai*.



Boiotian epic. This is composed in the same meter and virtually the same dialect as Homeric epic. It uses formulae which occur in Homeric epic but generates other formulae of its own. The identity of the major gods and heroes agrees in the main with the Homeric.

Boiotian epic, in contrast to the work of the successors of Homer, does not concern itself mainly in filling out the narrative of the Trojan saga. In fact, the poets of the Boiotian epic are not principally storytellers. Yet extended poetry must have some containing frame. Boiotia favors the catalogue and the genealogy: who is who, and what is what, and how they came to be; and again, the moral: these things being so, why; and what to do. Such elements, fundamental to Boiotian, are incidental to Homeric epic; when they do become primary in Homer, as in the *Iliad*'s "Catalogue of Ships" (which opens with Boiotia) or the *Odyssey*'s "Procession of Heroines," it has always been felt that Boiotia has crept in. And so it has, but this does not have to indicate some late mean interpolator ramming his dull stuff into a lively finished work. It may just as well mean interchange between two collateral living traditions which, while separate, are by no means mutually ignorant.

Homer did not invent the whole style and substance of his final poems. There were Homeric poets, generations of them, before Homer. It is reasonable, at least, to guess that there were Boiotian or "Hesiodic" poets before Hesiod, that he, like Homer, inherited and perfected a tradition, rather than merely importing his version of Homer into Boiotia. If he had predecessors, we do not know their names, but neither do we know the names of Homer's predecessors. Before we consider, therefore, the authorship of the three major Boiotian

poems, we should be aware that Hesiod, rather than founding a school, might have come relatively late into a living tradition.

#### HESIOD

Most of what we know about Hesiod comes from certain apparently unpremeditated asides in *The Works and Days*. Hesiod's father was a merchant who found the going hard and came from Kyme in Aiolia (Greek Asia Minor) to Askra, in the territory of Thespiiai, and settled there as a farmer (*Works and Days* 633-40). There he died and left his property to be divided between his two sons, Hesiod and Perses. Hesiod accuses Perses of seizing the better share by bribing the "kings," who seem to be barons, country squires, or justices of the peace (*Works and Days* 27-39). *The Works and Days* has as its guiding thread the outline of a useful farmer's life addressed to this scapegrace Perses, although the theme produces often a more general address and expression. Often it suggests itself as the single work, evoked by a particular occasion, of an amateur poet who was really a farmer. But this was not exactly the case. Hesiod had already been to Euboia to compete, with a poem, at the funeral games of Amphidamas (*Works and Days* 651-59) and had won a prize. The proem to the *Theogony*, especially lines 22-35, not only makes it clear that Hesiod wrote this poem also \* but strongly suggests that poetry was his chief business. We can, perhaps, infer a little more about him from the poems. He spoke for the people, but was not of the poorest class. *The Works and Days* is addressed to a freeholder who "routs out his people," that is, has others working for him, though he does

\* Deliberate forgery is, of course, possible. It always is.



manual work himself too. Hesiod had scarcely traveled at all when he wrote *The Works and Days*. Nothing in his manner or matter ever suggests that he had seen war at first hand. Family? Wife? Children? *The Works and Days* rather suggests a bachelor, but a susceptible one.

As to this, finally, there is the story of Hesiod's death, contained in the *vita* attached to the manuscripts, and elsewhere. He is supposed to have been warned by the Delphic oracle to avoid the grove of Nemean Zeus, but believing this meant the famous Nemea in the Peloponnese, he failed to note that Oinoë in Lokris was also sacred to Nemean Zeus. He visited there, seduced the sister of his hosts, they murdered him and threw him into the sea, but dolphins brought the body ashore. The child of the affair was the Lokrian lyric poet, Stesichorus. It is true that there was a sanctuary of Nemean Zeus at Lokrian Oinoë, as Thucydides (3. 96. 1) attests, and Thucydides knew the story as one "told by the local people." But the story is probably a fiction, or if it contains some germ of truth, this is so overgrown with folklore motives as to be inextricable.

a. Stesichorus seems pretty firmly established in mid-sixth-century, and not even the most resolute later-dater would dare bring Hesiod down far enough to make him the father. Stesichorus is "the son of Hesiod" because he drew heavily on the Hesiodic poems, particularly the *Catalogue*.

b. The ambiguous and misunderstood oracle of this sort is a folk-motive that works into the History of Herodotus (3. 64. 3-5; 9. 33) as well as the biography of Euripides and elsewhere. There can, of course, be genuine reports of responses given, and this could be one.

c. Ancient biographical tradition liked things lurid, and was not disposed to let great men die tamely in bed. Deaths gruesome or quaint or melodramatic are reported, in one place or another, for Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Heracleitus, Empedocles, Ibycus, Terpander, Sappho, and Anacreon.

It may be unscientific to damn for guilt by association. In this case, I find the combination too rich to be persuasive. But part of the story may be true.

#### THE HESIODIC POEMS

*The Works and Days*. Here it is worth while to quote Pausanias, the traveler (second century A.D.; Pausanias 9. 31. 4-5, Frazer's translation):

The Boeotians of Helicon have a tradition that Hesiod composed nothing but the *Works*, and even from it they strike out the preliminary address to the Muses, saying that the poem begins with the passage about the Strifes. They showed me also beside the spring a leaden tablet, very time-worn, on which are engraved the *Works*. There is another opinion, quite distinct from the former, that Hesiod composed a great number of poems, namely, the poem on women, the poem called the *Great Eoëae*, the *Theogony*, the poem on the soothsayer Melampus, the poem on the descent of Theseus and Pirithous to hell, the *Precepts of Chiron for the Instruction of Achilles*, and various other poems besides the *Works and Days*. Those who hold this view also say that Hesiod was taught soothsaying by the Acarnanians, and there is a poem on soothsaying, which I have myself read, and a work on the interpretation of prodigies.

Rather than give a separate outline of the structure of this poem, I have appended a running analysis to the translated text, in the hope that this might be more il-

luminating. The keys to the construction of *The Works and Days* lie, I think, not in any scheme we can recover, but in the transitions of thought.

The *Theogony*. Despite the remarks of Pausanias quoted above, this ought to be regarded as the work of Hesiod. It is "signed," so to speak. Deliberate forgery is possible, but unlikely. The purpose is, in the Boiotian manner, descriptive, or better expository, rather than narrative. We reach what was from the consideration of what is. The narrative of the battle between Olympians and Titans (629-735), with the epic discourse that goes with epic combat, is the most forcedly artificial part of the poem. That is, of course, only my opinion; but it is fact that the whole passage enters as an afterthought hung on a *gar* clause.

There is much material in the *Theogony* which is not in Homer, but the two poets agree almost invariably on the identities of the gods, differences being in matters of emphasis. As Herodotus says (2. 53. 2): "I think Homer and Hesiod date to four hundred years before my time, and not more. These are the ones who made the *Theogony* (or established the generation of the gods) for the Hellenes, assigned them their supplementary names and relative positions, explained their special functions, and described their appearances." The statement fits Hesiod better than Homer, but Homer agrees with Hesiod, or follows, if not Hesiod, then Hesiod's ultimate sources. Hesiod himself did not name the gods—he catalogued them; by means, chiefly, of genealogical classification. He is, in a way, the first Greek theologian, and so, in a vaguer way, the first philosopher. Homer's gods serve narrative; narrative for human beings must use human characters, however eagerly disguised; so Homer's gods are really people, and Homer is basically antitheologi-



cal and antiphilosophical. This was constantly acknowledged by Socrates and Plato.

The authority of Hesiod's arrangement went largely unchallenged. But though most Greeks believed, and many modern scholars believe, that the *Theogony* is Hesiod's, the very method of it, by entry and expansion, permits and positively invites interpolation or further expansion. Not only could this happen, it has happened. Our present text contains two different versions of the story of Zeus and Metis (ll. 886-900; 929e-t, see Evelyn-White, *op. cit.*). At 904-6 Klotho, Lachesis, and Atropos are made daughters of Zeus and Themis; this contradicts not only most Greek tradition but lines 217-18, where they are daughters of Night. It is possible that a genuine *Theogony* of Hesiod was known, by people like Plutarch's informants, to have been so tampered with and "improved" that the honor of the whole work was compromised.

The *Catalogue (of Women)* or *Eoiai*. This was a work of major interest, importance, and, so far as we can judge, quality. We have no manuscript, but many quotations, and since, fortunately, it was known in Greek Egypt, papyrus fragments have been appearing and there is hope for better knowledge in the future.\*

Our *Theogony* ends with a list of goddesses who mated with mortals and then, last of all, two lines, which may of course have been a later joining piece,† to bring in a catalogue of women. As would be expected from the arrangement, many of these were temporary paramours of gods, by whom they generated the ancestral heroes of the Greek peoples. The formula *ē hoiē*, "or like her who . . .," was so often repeated

\* The latest are to be found in *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*, Part 23, edited by E. Lobel (London: Egypt Exploration Society, 1956).

† But at least early enough to be included in a papyrus of the 2d century A.D. (so dated by Lobel, *op. cit.*, pp. 1-3).

that it produced the title *Eoiai*, which is either an alternative title to the *Catalogue*, or the title of the last part of it, or an addition to it. We can not be sure.

Women predominate not only, I think, because of matriarchal considerations, or claims to divine paternity, but also because Boiotian tradition leans in every way toward the distaff side. Yet, through entry and identification of the heroine "like her who . . .," one can file the heroes too, and their exploits, and so compose an account of the heroic age using a method different from Homer's and scarcely derived from him. The work did, in fact, incorporate legendary material not only from Boiotia and southern Thessaly but from the whole of mainland Greece. Like the *Theogony*, the *Catalogue*, so composed, permits the building-in of supplementary material without undue strain. We have a case attested, for the Argument to *The Shield of Herakles* states that the first fifty-six lines are from the Fourth Book of the *Catalogue*. To regard the rest of the *Shield* as the work of a later interpolator is, in view of this, a temperate opinion—and very welcome, too, for the poetry of the rest of the *Shield* seems to most, and to me, to be sub-Hesiodic, though it does have its moments.

But whether or not the original *Catalogue* is Hesiod's, it would do him credit, and shows some of his special character. I would illustrate from an extant fragment (actually a combination of two) which may conveniently be found in Evelyn-White's collection, pp. 192–203.

We are in a catalogue of the suitors of Helen (she probably generated the series with *ē hoiē*) interesting in itself and containing the first mention of that subsequently famous oath of the suitors which Homer ignored. Menelaos won her; her child was Hermione.

. . . but all the gods were quarreling, and their purpose divided, and already Zeus who thunders on high was planning monstrous events; to blast a confusion of tempests over the endless earth; for he was now urgent to obliterate the great race of mankind; and the end in view was the destruction of the lives of the demigods, so the children of the gods might no longer mate with wretched mortals, and so look forward to doom; so the blessed ones might hereafter, as in the past, have their own life, and their own ways, apart from humanity . . .

In addition to such cataclysms of nature, Zeus planned a war. Men, and other gods too, failed to see what he was about. The portents of nature continued.

From tall-towering trees the leaves came tumbling down in abundance and piled the ground in their splendor, and the fruit blew groundward as Boreas, by consent of Zeus, blew with a hard blast and the sea boiled, and everything was shaken from his blowing, and the strength of men was shriveled away, and the fruit diminished in the spring season

at the time when old Hairless, the Snake,

on the mountains, in the caves of the ground, every three years produces three young.

In summer, on the mountain, in thick growths and in the bushes,

he lives, skulking off by himself, in hate avoiding the beaten tracks of men, away in the mountainous folds and projections,



but as winter comes on, under the ground in a deep hole he lies, with a covering of numerous leaves piled on him, a horrid snake, spangled on the back with his terrible markings;

but when he becomes mutinous and violent beyond telling, the shafts of Zeus bring him down . . .

and only the soul of him is left, under the divine earth, and about the self-mounded burial chamber it flitters, gibbering

a little; and it comes, faint now, to the sacrifices made on the wide-wayed earth . . .

This fragment, torn and distracted as it is, shows the very essence and sinew of Hesiodic work. Heroic legend at the outset leads into myth of cataclysm. The question behind it all seems to be: "Why are things as they are, not as we imagine they used to be, and why does God, who should be man's friend, appear as his enemy?" The myths of change are frequent and varied: the Pandora story, the Trojan War, the Great Flood, or such a cataclysm as Aeschylus offers at the end of *Prometheus Bound*. Nature has changed; what we have above might well be a description of the very *first* autumn coming to man after a life lived always in springtime or summertime. The transitional generation of the poem is thoroughly Boiotian. Note how, from heroine and heroic legend, we come to, and go from, the snake. Old Hairless enters, like old No-Bones the polyp, as a marker of time; he holds the stage briefly in his own character, an actual snake; he leaves like a commentary on those pictures which show the soul-snake, and the little flittering soul-ideas, at the tomb.

Hesiod, nevertheless, may not have written the *Catalogue*, for he does not have to have been a lonely phenomenon in Boiotia. Whoever composed it, the influence of the work was very great. Not only

Stesichorus but also Pindar drew heavily on it, and whether indirectly through Stesichorus, or directly, it strongly affected Aeschylus and the traditions of Attic Tragedy.

#### D A T E S

To Herodotus, Homer and Hesiod were contemporaries. Also, ancient tradition made Hesiod's successful competition at Chalkis (*Works and Days* 651-59) into a contest between Homer and Hesiod. Modern opinion tends to put Hesiod later. What seem to be the two main reasons for this are not, I think, entirely sound.

a. It is assumed that, since Hesiod uses the meter, the formulae, and much of the material of Homer, he must be derivative. But this would not follow if there was an authentic collateral Boiotian tradition. I have tried, above, to show that this is not only possible but likely, though I realize that nothing can be proved. I am afraid, too, that Hesiod has been put after Homer and made dependent on him partly through that low opinion of Boiotian culture into which Athenian prejudice has gulled us all.

b. Hesiod reflects a world later than Homer's. Yes, but Homer was deliberately telling about a period long before his own time. Boiotian epic, as I have tried to show, starts from the present.

I believe, nevertheless, that Hesiod is a little later than Homer. The best piece of evidence is precisely the one which has bothered many scholars in the past. Hesiod's competition, mentioned above, was at the funeral games for Amphidamas, who was a figure in the Lelantine War and whose death ought then not to have taken place before the end of the eighth, or the beginning of the seventh, century. This seems about

right, but it is a little later than I should care to go for the Homeric poems—at least, for *The Iliad*. I would settle for a Hesiod who was a younger contemporary of Homer, or—if we are to have two Homers—a younger contemporary of the author of *The Odyssey*.

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*The text of Evelyn-White, cited above, has been used in making this translation. Line numbers refer to the Greek text, which seems to contain some corrupt lines. These have often been simply deleted, sometimes given with square brackets.*



*the Works and Days*

165829







To the Muses of Pieria:  
tell of Zeus your father

To Zeus: hear and direct

To Perses (my brother):  
listen to me

There are two ways of trying  
to beat others

One means Trouble and Fighting

But the other is only  
Healthy Competition

Muses, who from Pieria give glory through singing,  
 come to me, tell of Zeus, your own father,  
   sing his praises, through whose will  
 mortal men are named in speech or remain unspoken.  
 Men are renowned or remain unsung  
   as great Zeus wills it.

- 5 For lightly he makes strong,  
   and lightly brings strength to confusion,  
 lightly diminishes the great man,  
   uplifts the obscure one,  
 lightly the crooked man he straightens,  
   withers the proud man,  
 he, Zeus, of the towering thunders,  
   whose house is highest.

Hear me, see me, Zeus: hearken:  
   direct your decrees in righteousness.

- 10 To you, Perses, I would describe  
   the true way of existence.

It was never true that there was only one kind  
   of strife. There have always  
 been two on earth. There is one  
   you could like when you understand her.  
 The other is hateful. The two Strifes  
   have separate natures.

There is one Strife who builds up evil war,  
   and slaughter.

- 15 She is harsh; no man loves her, but under compulsion  
 and by will of the immortals men  
   promote this rough Strife.  
 But the other one was born  
   the elder daughter of black Night.

Stay away from the wrong kind

Mind your own business,  
you'll have no time

(until you're supplied for a year)

to go after others' goods

The son of Kronos, who sits on high and  
 dwells in the bright air,  
 set her in the roots of the earth and among men;  
 she is far kinder.

20 She pushes the shiftless man to work, ✓  
 for all his laziness.

A man looks at his neighbor, who is rich:  
 then he too

wants work; for the rich man presses on with  
 his plowing and planting  
 and the ordering of his state.

So the neighbor envies the neighbor  
 who presses on toward wealth. Such Strife  
 is a good friend to mortals.

25 Then potter is potter's enemy, and  
 craftsman is craftman's  
 rival; tramp is jealous of tramp,  
 and singer of singer.

So you, Perses, put all this firmly away  
 in your heart,  
 nor let that Strife who loves mischief  
 keep you from working  
 as you listen at the meeting place  
 to see what you can make of

30 the quarrels. The time comes short for litigations  
 and lawsuits,  
 too short, unless there is a year's living  
 laid away inside  
 for you, the stuff that the earth yields,  
 the pride of Demeter.

When you have got a full burden of that,  
 you can push your lawsuits,



Do not try to be too clever

as you and your judges did before, with my share

Easier isn't better

There is no easy way any more

ever since

Prometheus tried to be too clever

to outwit Zeus,

to make things easy for men

- scheming for other men's goods, yet you  
 shall not be given another chance  
 35 to do so. No, come, let us finally settle  
 our quarrel  
 with straight decisions, which are from Zeus,  
 and are the fairest.  
 Now once before we divided our inheritance,  
 but you seized  
 the greater part and made off with it,  
 gratifying those barons  
 who eat bribes, who are willing  
 to give out such a decision.
- 40 Fools all! who never learned  
 how much better than the whole the half is,  
 nor how much good there is  
 in living on mallow and asphodel.  
 For the gods have hidden and keep hidden  
 what could be men's livelihood.  
 It could have been that easily  
 in one day you could work out  
 enough to keep you for a year,  
 with no more working.
- 45 Soon you could have hung up your steering oar  
 in the smoke of the fireplace,  
 and the work the oxen and patient mules do  
 would be abolished,  
 but Zeus in the anger of his heart hid it away  
 because the devious-minded Prometheus had cheated him;  
 and therefore Zeus thought up dismal sorrows  
 for mankind.
- 50 He hid fire; but Prometheus, the powerful son  
 of Iapetos,

by stealing fire  
which Zeus had hidden

To pay for this, Zeus promised men  
an evil thing

So the gods made the evil  
in the form of a lovely, living woman

(Who may be called Woman or Eve or Beauty)

She has everything good

except a good heart

stole it again from Zeus of the counsels,  
to give to mortals.

He hid it out of the sight of Zeus  
who delights in thunder  
in the hollow fennel stalk. In anger  
the cloud-gatherer spoke to him:

"Son of Iapetos, deviser of crafts beyond all others,

55 you are happy that you stole the fire,

and outwitted my thinking;

but it will be a great sorrow to you,  
and to men who come after.

As the price of fire I will give them an evil,

and all men shall fondle

this, their evil, close to their hearts,

and take delight in it."

So spoke the father of gods and mortals;

and laughed out loud.

60 He told glorious Hephaistos to make haste, and plaster  
earth with water, and to infuse it with a human voice  
and vigor, and make the face

like the immortal goddesses,

the bewitching features of a young girl;

meanwhile Athene

was to teach her her skills, and how

to do the intricate weaving,

65 while Aphrodite was to mist her head

in golden endearment

and the cruelty of desire and longings

that wear out the body,

but to Hermes, the guide, the slayer of Argos,

he gave instructions

to put in her the mind of a hussy,

and a treacherous nature.



all gifts = *trouble*!  
 = *trouble*!  
 ✓

But Zeus called her Pandora

which means she is given everything

Epimetheus (Afterthought)  
 forgot his brother's warning  
 and took her

So Zeus spoke. And all obeyed Lord Zeus,  
the son of Kronos.

70 The renowned strong smith modeled her figure of earth,  
in the likeness  
of a decorous young girl, as the son of Kronos  
had wished it.

The goddess gray-eyed Athene dressed and arrayed her;  
the Graces,

who are goddesses, and hallowed Persuasion  
put necklaces

of gold upon her body, while the Seasons,  
with glorious tresses,

75 put upon her head a coronal of spring flowers,  
[and Pallas Athene put all decor upon her body].

But into her heart Hermes, the guide,  
the slayer of Argos,

put lies, and wheedling words

of falsehood, and a treacherous nature,  
made her as Zeus of the deep thunder wished,  
and he, the gods' herald,

80 put a voice inside her, and gave her  
the name of woman,

Pandora, because all the gods

who have their homes on Olympos

had given her each a gift, to be a sorrow to men

who eat bread. Now when he had done

with this sheer, impossible

deception, the Father sent the gods' fleet messenger,  
Hermes,

85 to Epimetheus, bringing her, a gift,  
nor did Epimetheus

remember to think how Prometheus had told him never

and men have been miserable  
ever since

She opened the jar and let  
sicknesses and troubles fly  
about the world

to accept a gift from Olympian Zeus,  
 but always to send it  
 back, for fear it might prove  
 to be an evil for mankind.  
 He took the evil, and only perceived it  
 when he possessed her.

90 Since before this time the races of men  
 had been living on earth  
 free from all evils, free from laborious work,  
 and free from  
 all wearing sicknesses that bring  
 their fates down on men  
 [for men grow old suddenly  
 in the midst of misfortune];  
 but the woman, with her hands lifting away the lid  
 from the great jar,

95 scattered its contents, and her design  
 was sad troubles for mankind.  
 Hope was the only spirit that stayed there  
 in the unbreakable  
 closure of the jar, under its rim,  
 and could not fly forth  
 abroad, for the lid of the great jar  
 closed down first and contained her;  
 this was by the will of cloud-gathering Zeus  
 of the aegis;

100 but there are other troubles by thousands  
 that hover about men,  
 for the earth is full of evil things,  
 and the sea is full of them;  
 there are sicknesses that come to men by day,  
 while in the night



The same thing may be said in a  
different way, as

that the world has been steadily  
getting worse, and that easy  
life we want is lost way  
back in the beginning

The good Golden Age (whose  
people are now beneficent  
spirits)

moving of themselves they haunt us,  
 bringing sorrow to mortals,  
 and silently, for Zeus of the counsels  
 took the voice out of them.

105 So there is no way to avoid what Zeus has intended.

Or if you will, I will outline it for you  
 in a different story,  
 well and knowledgeably—store it up  
 in your understanding—  
 the beginnings of things, which were the same for gods  
 as for mortals.

In the beginning, the immortals  
 who have their homes on Olympus  
 110 created the golden generation of mortal people.  
 These lived in Kronos' time, when he  
 was the king in heaven.

They lived as if they were gods,  
 their hearts free from all sorrow,  
 by themselves, and without hard work or pain;  
 no miserable  
 old age came their way; their hands, their feet,  
 did not alter.

115 They took their pleasure in festivals,  
 and lived without troubles.

When they died, it was as if they fell asleep.

All goods  
 were theirs. The fruitful grainland  
 yielded its harvest to them  
 of its own accord; this was great and abundant,  
 while they at their pleasure

Was followed by the silly  
Silver Age

quietly looked after their works,  
 in the midst of good things  
 120 [prosperous in flocks, on friendly terms  
 with the blessed immortals].

Now that the earth has gathered over this generation,  
 these are called pure and blessed spirits;  
 they live upon earth,  
 and are good, they watch over mortal men  
 and defend them from evil;  
 they keep watch over lawsuits and hard dealings;  
 they mantle  
 125 themselves in dark mist  
 and wander all over the country;  
 they bestow wealth; for this right  
 as of kings was given them.

Next after these the dwellers upon Olympos created  
 a second generation, of silver, far worse  
 than the other.

They were not like the golden ones either in shape  
 or spirit.

130 A child was a child for a hundred years,  
 looked after and playing  
 by his gracious mother, kept at home,  
 a complete booby.  
 But when it came time for them to grow up  
 and gain full measure,  
 they lived for only a poor short time;  
 by their own foolishness  
 they had troubles, for they were not able  
 to keep away from  
 135 reckless crime against each other,  
 nor would they worship



but these men also are now  
spirits

Then came the fierce Bronze  
People

Who nevertheless were mortal  
and died

the gods, nor do sacrifice on the sacred altars  
 of the blessed ones,  
 which is the right thing among the customs of men,  
 and therefore  
 Zeus, son of Kronos, in anger engulfed them,  
 for they paid no due  
 honors to the blessed gods who live on Olympos.

140 But when the earth had gathered over this generation  
 also—and they too are called blessed spirits  
 by men, though under  
 the ground, and secondary, but still  
 they have their due worship—  
 then Zeus the father created the third generation  
 of mortals,  
 the age of bronze. They were not like  
 the generation of silver.

145 They came from ash spears. They were terrible  
 and strong, and the ghastly  
 action of Ares was theirs, and violence.

They ate no bread,  
 but maintained an indomitable and adamant spirit.  
 None could come near them; their strength was big,  
 and from their shoulders  
 the arms grew irresistible on their ponderous bodies.

150 The weapons of these men were bronze,  
 of bronze their houses,  
 and they worked as bronzesmiths. There was not yet  
 any black iron.

Yet even these, destroyed beneath the hands  
 of each other,  
 went down into the moldering domain of cold Hades;  
 nameless; for all they were formidable black death

followed by the great age of  
the Heroes

who perished in such wars as those  
at Thebes and Troy

but others went west to the end of  
the world

and live there in bliss even  
today

155 seized them, and they had to forsake  
the shining sunlight.

Now when the earth had gathered over this generation  
also, Zeus, son of Kronos, created yet another  
fourth generation on the fertile earth,  
and these were better and nobler,  
the wonderful generation of hero-men, who are also  
160 called half-gods, the generation before our own  
on this vast earth.

But of these too, evil war and the terrible carnage  
took some; some by seven-gated Thebes  
in the land of Kadmos  
as they fought together over the flocks of Oidipous;  
others

war had taken in ships over the great gulf  
of the sea,

165 where they also fought for the sake  
of lovely-haired Helen.

There, for these, the end of death was misted  
about them.

But on others Zeus, son of Kronos, settled a living  
and a country

of their own, apart from human kind,  
at the end of the world.

And there they have their dwelling place,  
and hearts free of sorrow

in the islands of the blessed

by the deep-swirling stream of the ocean,  
prospering heroes, on whom in every year  
three times over

the fruitful grainland bestows its sweet yield.

These live



Then Zeus made the Fifth  
Age, of Iron ✓

mine

I wish it were not

Zeus will destroy this age too

When it has gone bad and lost  
all sense of right and wrong

far from the immortals, and Kronos  
is king among them.

For Zeus, father of gods and mortals,  
set him free from his bondage,  
although the position and the glory still belong  
to the young gods.

After this, Zeus of the wide brows  
established yet one more  
generation of men, the fifth, to be  
on the fertile earth.

And I wish that I were not any part  
of the fifth generation  
of men, but had died before it came,  
or been born afterward.

For here now is the age of iron. Never by daytime  
will there be an end to hard work and pain,  
nor in the night  
to weariness, when the gods will send anxieties  
to trouble us.

Yet here also there shall be some good things  
mixed with the evils.

180 But Zeus will destroy this generation of mortals  
also,

in the time when children, as they are born,  
grow gray on the temples,  
when the father no longer agrees with the children,  
nor children with their father,  
when guest is no longer at one with host,  
nor companion to companion,  
when your brother is no longer your friend,  
as he was in the old days.

and becomes an Age of Force ✓

- 185 Men will deprive their parents of all rights,  
 as they grow old,  
 and people will mock them too,  
 babbling bitter words against them,  
 harshly, and without shame in the sight of the gods;  
 not even  
 to their aging parents will they give back  
 what once was given.  
 Strong of hand, one man shall seek  
 the city of another.
- 190 There will be no favor for the man  
 who keeps his oath, for the righteous  
 and the good man, rather men shall give their praise  
 to violence  
 and the doer of evil. Right will be in the arm.  
 Shame will  
 not be. The vile man will crowd his better out,  
 and attack him  
 with twisted accusations and swear an oath  
 to his story.
- 195 The spirit of Envy, with grim face  
 and screaming voice, who delights  
 in evil, will be the constant companion  
 of wretched humanity,  
 and at last Nemesis and Aidos, Decency and Respect,  
 shrouding  
 their bright forms in pale mantles, shall go  
 from the wide-wayed  
 earth back on their way to Olympos,  
 forsaking the whole race
- 200 of mortal men, and all that will be left by them  
 to mankind



such force as rapacious hawks,  
like our own barons, practice ✓

unashamed

They may live on force, Perses,

not you

you are not strong enough

will be wretched pain. And there shall be no defense  
against evil.

Now I will tell you a fable for the barons;  
they understand it.

This is what the hawk said when he had caught  
a nightingale  
with spangled neck in his claws and carried her  
high among the clouds.

205 She, spitted on the clawhooks, was wailing pitifully,  
but the hawk, in his masterful manner,  
gave her an answer:

"What is the matter with you? Why scream?  
Your master has you.

You shall go wherever I take you,  
for all your singing.

If I like, I can let you go. If I like,  
I can eat you for dinner.

210 He is a fool who tries to match his strength  
with the stronger.

He will lose his battle, and with the shame  
will be hurt also."

So spoke the hawk, the bird who flies so fast  
on his long wings.

But as for you, Perses, listen to justice;  
do not try to practice

violence; violence is bad for a weak man; even a noble  
215 cannot lightly carry the burden of her,

but she weighs him down  
when he loses his way in delusions; that other road  
is the better

(I wonder whether the nobles  
really are)

for Justice though often outraged  
is stronger in the end

Compare the just community

where people live in what is something  
like the Golden Age

which leads toward just dealings. For Justice  
 wins over violence  
 as they come out in the end. The fool knows  
 after he's suffered.

The spirit of Oath is one who runs  
 beside crooked judgments.

220 There is an outcry when Justice is dragged perforce,  
 when bribe-eating  
 men pull her about, and judge their cases  
 with crooked decisions.

She follows perforce, weeping, to the city  
 and gatherings of people.

She puts a dark mist upon her and brings a curse  
 upon all those  
 who drive her out, who deal in her  
 and twist her in dealing.

225 But when men issue straight decisions  
 to their own people  
 and to strangers, and do not step at all  
 off the road of rightness,  
 their city flourishes, and the people  
 blossom inside it.

Peace, who brings boys to manhood, is in their land,  
 nor does Zeus  
 of the wide brows ever ordain that hard war  
 shall be with them.

230 Neither famine nor inward disaster comes the way  
 of those people  
 who are straight and just; they do their work  
 as if work were a holiday;  
 the earth gives them great livelihood,  
 on their mountains the oaks



with the lawless community

which is like one under a curse

You strong barons, can even you  
not understand this?

bear acorns for them in their crowns,  
 and bees in their middles.  
 Their wool-bearing sheep are weighted down  
 with fleecy burdens.

235 Their women bear them children  
 who resemble their parents.  
 They prosper in good things throughout.  
 They need have no traffic  
 with ships, for their own grain-giving land  
 yields them its harvest.

But when men like harsh violence  
 and cruel acts, Zeus  
 of the wide brows, the son of Kronos,  
 ordains their punishment.

240 Often a whole city is paid punishment  
 for one bad man  
 who commits crimes and plans reckless action.

On this man's people  
 the son of Kronos out of the sky  
 inflicts great suffering,  
 famine and plague together, and the people die  
 and diminish.

The women bear children no longer, the houses dwindle  
 245 by design of Olympian Zeus; or again at other times,  
 he destroys the wide camped army of a people,  
 or wrecks  
 their city with its walls, or their ships  
 on the open water.

You barons also, cannot even you  
 understand for yourselves  
 how justice works? For the immortals  
 are close to us, they mingle

The spies of Zeus are everywhere,  
though none can see them

and Justice herself informs against  
the crooked judges and the takers of ✓  
bribes

Evil recoils on the evil-doer ✓

- 250 with men, and are aware of those who  
by crooked decisions  
break other men, and care nothing  
for what the gods think of it.  
Upon the prospering earth there are  
thirty thousand immortal  
spirits, who keep watch for Zeus and all that men do.  
They have an eye on decrees given  
and on harsh dealings,  
255 and invisible in their dark mist they hover  
on the whole earth.  
Justice herself is a young maiden.  
She is Zeus's daughter,  
and seemly, and respected by all the gods of Olympos.  
When any man uses force on her by false impeachment  
she goes and sits at the feet of Zeus Kronion,  
her father,  
260 and cries out on the wicked purpose of men,  
so that their people  
must pay for the profligacy of their rulers,  
who for their own greedy purposes  
twist the courses of justice aslant  
by false proclamations.  
Beware, you barons, of such spirits.  
Straighten your decisions  
you eaters of bribes. Banish from your minds  
the twisting of justice.
- 265 The man who does evil to another does evil  
to himself,  
and the evil counsel is most evil  
for him who counsels it.



Zeus can see right now what this  
very community is doing

Why should I be good if the bad  
man will be better off than I?

But I have faith that he will not

Perses, attend

Zeus made brute beasts prey on  
each other

But to men alone he gave Justice ✓  
and favors the race of those who  
prize his gifts

The eye of Zeus sees everything. His mind  
understands all.

He is watching us right now, if he wishes to,  
nor does he fail

to see what kind of justice this community keeps  
inside it.

270 Now, otherwise I would not myself  
be righteous among men  
nor have my son be so; for it is a hard thing  
for a man  
to be righteous, if the unrighteous man  
is to have the greater right.  
But I believe that Zeus of the counsels  
will not let it end thus.

You, Perses, should store away in your mind all  
that I tell you,

275 and listen to justice, and put away  
all notions of violence.

Here is the law, as Zeus established it  
for human beings;

as for fish, and wild animals, and the flying birds,  
they feed on each other, since there is no idea  
of justice among them;

but to men he gave justice, and she in the end  
is proved the best thing

280 they have. If a man sees what is right  
and is willing to argue it,

Zeus of the wide brows grants him prosperity.

But when one, knowingly, tells lies and swears  
an oath on it,

when he is so wild as to do incurable damage  
against justice,

There are two roads before us

One is the primrose path to in-  
significance  
very easy to find and follow

the other is the steep and thorny way  
to success

very hard going, up a mountain, but  
becomes easy at the summit

The best man is the one who can work  
this out for himself  
the next best can understand it when  
somebody else tells him  
You can be the next best man, Perses

Listen to me

285 this man is left a diminished generation hereafter,  
but the generation of the true-sworn man  
grows stronger.

I mean you well, Perses, you great idiot,  
and I will tell you.

Look, badness is easy to have, you can take it  
by handfuls

without effort. The road that way is smooth  
and starts here beside you.

But between us and virtue the immortals have put  
what will make us

290 sweat. The road to virtue is long  
and goes steep up hill,  
hard climbing at first, but the last of it,  
when you get to the summit  
(if you get there) is easy going after the hard part.

That man is all-best who himself works out  
every problem

and solves it, seeing what will be best late  
and in the end.

295 That man, too, is admirable who follows one  
who speaks well.

He who cannot see the truth for himself, nor,  
hearing it from others,

store it away in his mind, that man  
is utterly useless.

As for you, remember what I keep telling you  
over and over:

work, O Perses, illustrious-born, work on,  
so that Famine

300 will avoid you, and august and garlanded Demeter



Gods and men hate the lazy drone  
who lives off others so

Work

Idleness is disgrace

so work at what you do best

Poverty brings shame

(the wrong kind, for shame that  
means modesty is good)

will be your friend, and fill your barn  
 with substance of living;  
 Famine is the unworking man's most constant  
 companion.

305 Gods and men alike resent that man who, without work  
 himself, lives the life of the stingless drones,  
 who without working eat away the substance  
 of the honeybees'  
 hard work; your desire, then, should be  
 to put your works in order  
 so that your barns may be stocked with all  
 livelihood in its season.

It is from work that men grow rich and own flocks  
 and herds;

by work, too, they become much better friends  
 of the immortals.

310 [and to men too, for they hate the people  
 who do not labor].

Work is no disgrace; the disgrace is in not working;  
 and if you do work, the lazy man will soon begin  
 to be envious

as you grow rich, for with riches go nobility  
 and honor.

315 It is best to work, at whatever you have a talent  
 for doing,  
 without turning your greedy thought toward what  
 some other man  
 possesses, but take care of your own livelihood,  
 as I advise you.

Shame, the wrong kind of shame, has the needy man  
 in convoy,  
 shame, who does much damage to men,  
 but prospers them also,

But you must not escape poverty  
by seizing what belongs to others

for that is impiety, like mistreating  
your friends and family and the  
helpless

and it draws the anger of Zeus

Be pious

shame goes with poverty, but confidence  
goes with prosperity.

320 Goods are not to be grabbed; much better if God  
lets you have them.

If any man by force of hands wins him  
a great fortune,  
or steals it by the cleverness of his tongue,  
as so often

happens among people when the intelligence  
is blinded

by greed, a man's shameless spirit tramples  
his sense of honor;

325 lightly the gods wipe out that man, and diminish  
the household

of such a one, and his wealth stays with him  
for only a short time.

It is the same when one does evil to guest  
or suppliant,

or goes up into the bed of his brother, to lie  
in secret

love with his brother's wife, doing acts  
that are against nature;

330 or who unfeelingly abuses fatherless children,  
or speaks roughly with intemperate words  
to his failing

father who stands upon the hateful doorstep  
of old age;

with all these Zeus in person is angry,  
and in the end

he makes them pay a bitter price  
for their unrighteous dealings.

335 Keep your frivolous spirit clear of all such actions.



and be religious

day by day

make friends with your neighbors  
as well as those to whom you are  
bound

As far as you have the power, do sacrifice  
 to the immortals,  
 innocently and cleanly; burn them the shining  
 thighbones;  
 at other times, propitiate them with libations  
 and burnings,  
 when you go to bed, and when the holy light  
 goes up the sky;

340 so They may have a complacent feeling and thought  
 about you;  
 so you may buy someone else's land, not have someone  
 buy yours.

Invite your friend to dinner; have nothing to do  
 with your enemy.

Invite that man particularly who lives close to you.  
 If anything, which ought not to happen, happens  
 in your neighborhood,

345 neighbors come as they are to help; relatives  
 dress first.

A bad neighbor's as great a pain as a good one's  
 a blessing.

One lucky enough to draw a good neighbor  
 draws a great prize.

Not even an ox would be lost, if it were not  
 for the bad neighbor.

Take good measure from your neighbor,  
 then pay him back fairly

350 with the same measure, or better yet,  
 if you can manage it;  
 so, when you need him some other time,  
 you will find him steadfast.

Love those who give

and give, yourself

do not grab

but save, and add to what you have

the habit grows

little by little

but intelligently

No greedy profits; greedy profit is a kind  
of madness.

Be a friend to your friend, and come to him  
who comes to you.

Give to him who gives; do not give to him  
who does not give.

355 We give to the generous man; none gives to him  
who is stingy.

Give is a good girl, but Grab is a bad one;  
what she gives is death.

For when a man gives willingly, though he gives  
a great thing,

yet he has joy of his gift and satisfaction  
in his heart,

while he who gives way to shameless greed and takes  
from another,

360 even though the thing he takes is small,  
yet it stiffens his heart.

For even if you add only a little to a little, yet if  
you do it often enough, this little may yet  
become big.

When one adds to what he has,  
he fends off staring hunger.

What is stored away in a man's house  
brings him no trouble.

365 Better for it to be at home, since what is abroad  
does damage.

It is fine to draw on what is on hand, and painful  
to have need

and not have anything there; I warn you  
to be careful in this.

When the bottle has just been opened, and when  
it's giving out, drink deep;





be sparing when it's half-full; but it's useless  
to spare the fag end.

370 Let the hire that has been promised to a friend  
be made good.

When you deal with your brother, be pleasant,  
but get a witness; for too much  
trustfulness, and too much suspicion,  
have proved men's undoing.

Do not let any sweet-talking woman beguile  
your good sense  
with the fascinations of her shape. It's your barn  
she's after.

375 Anyone who will trust a woman is trusting flatterers.

One single-born son would be right to support  
his father's

house, for that is the way substance piles up  
in the household;

if you have more than one, you had better live  
to an old age;

yet Zeus can easily provide abundance  
for a greater number,

380 and the more there are, the more work is done,  
and increase increases.

If the desire within your heart is for greater  
abundance,

do as I tell you: keep on working with work  
and more work.

At the time when the Pleiades, the daughters  
of Atlas, are rising,

begin your harvest, and plow again when they  
are setting.

Work hard and constantly, lose no season

else you may have to go begging  
from others  
(as you have from me, but I will  
give you no more)

and they may not heed you

385 The Pleiades are hidden for forty nights and forty  
 days, and then, as the turn of the year reaches  
 that point  
 they show again, at the time you first sharpen  
 your iron.  
 This is the usage, whether you live in the plains,  
 or whether  
 close by the sea, or again in the corners  
 of the mountains  
 390 far away from the sea and its tossing water,  
 you have your rich land;  
 wherever you live: strip down to sow, and strip  
 for plowing,  
 and strip for reaping, if you wish to bring in  
 the yields of Demeter  
 all in their season, and so that each crop  
 in its time will increase  
 for you; so that in aftertime you may not be in need  
 395 and go begging to other people's houses,  
 and get nothing;  
 as you have come now to me; but I will give to you  
 no longer;  
 no further measure: Perses, you fool, work for it,  
 with those works which the gods have arranged  
 men shall do,  
 lest some day you, with your wife and children,  
 in anguish of spirit,  
 400 have to look to your neighbors for substance,  
 and they not heed you.  
 Twice you may get help, and three times even,  
 but if you plague them  
 further, you will get nothing more,  
 and your pleading will fall flat.

Make all ready and plan in advance

when the autumn rains come



Your style with words will do you no good; rather,  
 I urge you  
 to work out some way to pay your debts, and escape  
 from hunger.

405 First of all, get yourself an ox for plowing,  
 and a woman—  
 for work, not to marry—one who can plow  
 with the oxen,  
 and get all necessary gear in your house  
 in good order,  
 lest you have to ask someone else, and he deny you,  
 and you go  
 short, and the season pass you by, and your work  
 be undone.

410 Do not put off until tomorrow and the day after.  
 A man does not fill his barn by shirking his labors  
 or putting them off; it is keeping at it that gets  
 the work done.

The putter-off of work is the man who wrestles  
 with disaster.

At the time when the force of the cruel sun  
 diminishes,

415 and the sultriness and the heat, when powerful Zeus  
 brings on  
 the rains of autumn, and the feel of a man's body  
 changes  
 and he goes much lighter, for at this time  
 the star Seirios  
 goes only a little over the heads  
 of hard-fated mankind  
 in the daytime, and takes a greater part  
 of the evening;

choose and cut your wood

for wagon and plows

- 420 at this season, timber that you cut with your ax  
 is less open  
 to worms, now when it sheds its leaves to the ground,  
 and stops sprouting.  
 Now, remembering your tasks in their season,  
 is your time to cut wood.  
 Cut a three-foot length for a mortar and a pestle  
 of three cubits,  
 and a seven-foot length for an axle; that would be  
 quite enough for you,  
 425 except if you made it eight feet you could cut a maul  
 from the end.  
 For a wagon of ten palms cut a quarter-felly  
 of three spans.  
 Cut many curved pieces; and look on the mountain  
 and in the meadows,  
 for a good piece of holm oak to make your plow-beam,  
 and bring it  
 home when you find it; this is the strongest  
 for plowing oxen,  
 430 once you have taken it to the carpenter,  
 Athene's apprentice,  
 and he fixes it in the share and bolts it to the pole  
 with dowels.  
 You can work the plows in your house,  
 and you should have a pair of them,  
 one in a single piece, one composite;  
 this is the better way,  
 for if you break one of them, you can put the oxen  
 to the other.  
 435 Poles of laurel or elm are least likely  
 to be worm-eaten.  
 The share should be oak, the beam holm oak.

get a pair of seasoned oxen

and a mature, staid hired man

when the cranes go over, plow

(in winter you must feed your oxen,  
take care of your gear)

Get yourself two oxen,  
 males, nine years old, for their strength  
 will be undiminished  
 and they in full maturity, at their best to work with,  
 for such a pair will not fight as they drive  
 the furrow, and shatter  
 440 the plow, thus leaving all the work done  
 gone for nothing.  
 And have a forty-year-old man, still young enough,  
 to follow  
 the plow (give him a full four-piece loaf to eat,  
 eight ounces);  
 such a man will keep his mind on his work,  
 and drive a straight  
 furrow, not always looking about for company,  
 but keep  
 445 his thoughts on business. A younger man  
 will be no improvement  
 for scattering the seeds and not piling them  
 on top of each other.  
 A younger man keeps looking for excitement  
 with other young people.

At the time when you hear the cry of the crane  
 going over, that annual  
 voice from high in the clouds, you should take notice  
 and make plans.  
 450 She brings the signal for the beginning of planting,  
 the winter  
 season of rains, but she bites the heart  
 of the man without oxen.  
 At this time, keep your horn-curved oxen indoors,  
 and feed them.



Plow in the spring too: do not miss  
the season: plow your fallow land

Pray

It is easy to make a speech: "Please give me two oxen  
and a wagon."

But it's also easy to answer: "I have plenty of work  
for my oxen."

455 And a man, rich in his dreams, sees his wagon  
as built already,  
the idiot, forgetting that the wagon has  
a hundred timbers,  
and it takes some work to have these laid up at home,  
beforehand.

At the first moment when the plowing season  
appears for mankind,  
set hard to work, your servants, yourself,  
everybody together

460 plowing through wet weather and dry  
in the plowing season;  
rise early and drive the work along, so your fields  
will be full.

Plow fallow in spring. Fallow land turned in summer  
will not disappoint you.

Fallow land should be sown while the soil  
is still light and dry.

Fallow land is kind to children, and keeps off  
the hexes.

465 Make your prayers to Zeus of the ground  
and holy Demeter  
that the sacred yield of Demeter may grow complete,  
and be heavy.

Do this when you begin your first planting, when,  
gripping the handle

in one hand, you come down hard with the goad  
on the backs of your oxen

and sow carefully

and you will be tided over from  
season to season

If you wait too long, you will have  
a poor harvest

unless the whim of Zeus favors you

as they lean into the pin of the straps.

Have a small boy helping you

470 by following and making hard work for the birds  
with a mattock

covering the seed over. It is best to do things  
systematically,

since we are only human, and disorder  
is our worst enemy.

Do as I tell you, and the ears will

sweep the ground in their ripeness,  
if the Olympian himself grants that all  
shall end well;

475 and you can knock the spider-webs from your bins,  
and, as I hope,

be happy as you draw on all that substance  
that's stored up.

You will have plenty to make it till the next  
gray spring; you need not  
gaze longingly at others. It's the other man  
who will need you.

But if you have waited for the winter solstice  
to plow the divine earth,

480 you will have to squat down to reap, gathering it  
in thin handfuls,

down in the dust, cross-binding for the looks of it,  
not very happy;

you will bring it home in a basket,  
and there will be few to admire you.

Yet still, the mind of Zeus of the aegis changes  
with changing

occasions, and it is a hard thing for mortal men  
to figure.

Do not drop in at the smith's fire  
to keep warm and gossip in winter

but work



485 Even if you plant late, here is one thing  
 that might save you:  
 at that time when the cuckoo first makes his song  
 in the oak leaves,  
 and across immeasurable earth makes glad  
 the hearts of mortals,  
 if at that time Zeus should rain three days  
 without stopping,  
 and it neither falls short of, nor goes over,  
 the height of an ox hoof;  
 490 then the late planter might come out even  
 with the early planter.

Be careful and watch everything well. Let not  
 the gray spring  
 go by unnoticed in her time, nor the rain  
 in its season.

Walk right on past the blacksmith's shop  
 with its crowds and its gossip  
 for warmth, in the winter season, when the cold  
 keeps a man from working.

495 A lively man can do much about the house  
 in this season.

Winter can be a harsh time of helplessness;  
 let it not catch you  
 in need, as you try to warm a thick foot  
 with a thin hand.

The unworking man, who stays on empty anticipation,  
 needing substance, arranges in his mind  
 many bad thoughts,

500 and that is not a good kind of hopefulness  
 which is company  
 for a man who sits, and gossips, and has not enough  
 to live on.

(Build barns in summer)

The end of winter is a cold, hard  
time

While it is still midsummer, give your people  
their orders.

It will not always be summer. The barns  
had better be building.

Beware of the month Lenaion, bad days,  
that would take the skin off

505 an ox; beware of it, and the frosts, which,  
as Boreas,

the north wind, blows over the land, cruelly develop;  
he gets his breath and rises on the open water  
by horse-breeding

Thrace, and blows, and the earth

and the forest groan, as many  
oaks with sweeping foliage, many solid fir trees

510 along the slopes of the mountains his force bends  
against the prospering  
earth, and all the innumerable forest  
is loud with him.

The beasts shiver and put their tails  
between their legs, even

those with thick furry coats to cover their hides,  
the cold winds

blow through the furs of even these, for all  
their thickness.

515 The wind goes through the hide of an ox,  
it will not stop him;

it goes through a goatskin, that is fine-haired;  
but not even Boreas'

force can blow through a sheepskin to any degree,  
for the thick fleece

holds him out. It does bend the old man  
like a wheel's timber.

and beasts of the field suffer

Even the deep sea is colder and the  
octopus huddles on himself for  
warmth

when the sun is gone south from us

and all huddle over like people  
bent with age

- It does not blow through the soft skin  
 of a young maiden  
 520 who keeps her place inside the house  
 by her loving mother  
 and is not yet initiated in the mysteries of Aphrodite  
 the golden, who, washing her smooth skin carefully,  
 and anointing it  
 with oil, then goes to bed, closeted  
 in an inside chamber  
 on a winter's day  
 that time when old No-Bones the polyp  
 525 gnaws his own foot in his fireless house,  
 that gloomy habitat,  
 for the sun does not now point him out any range  
 to make for  
 but is making his turns in the countryside  
 and population of dusky  
 men, and is dull to shed his light  
 upon Hellenic peoples.  
 Then all the sleepers in the forest,  
 whether horned or hornless,  
 530 teeth miserably chattering, flee away  
 through the mountainous  
 woods, and in the minds of all  
 there is one wish only,  
 the thought of finding shelter, getting behind  
 dense coverts  
 and the hollow of the rock; then like  
 the three-footed individual  
 with the broken back, and head over, and eyes  
 on the ground beneath  
 535 so doubled, trying to escape the white snow,  
 all go wandering.



Dress warm to work

Then you had better cover your skin well,  
as I instruct you.

Put on both a soft outer cloak, and a fringed tunic,  
and have an abundant woof woven across a light warp;  
put this on you, so that your hairs will stay quiet  
in their places

540 and not bristle and stand up shivering  
all over your body.

Upon your feet tie shoes made of the hide  
of a slaughtered  
ox; have them fit well, and line them with felt  
on the inside.

Take skins of firstling kids, when the cold season  
is upon you,  
and stitch them together with the sinew of an ox,  
for a cape to put over

545 your back, and keep the rain off,  
and on your head you should wear  
a hat made out of felt, to keep your ears free  
of the water.

Daybreaks are cold at the time when Boreas  
comes down upon you,  
and at dawn there comes down from the starry sky,  
and spreads all over  
the land, a mist, helping growth  
for fortunate men's cultivations.

550 This, drawn up from rivers that flow forever,  
and mounting  
to a high level over earth on the turn  
of the windstorm,  
comes down in the form of rain toward evening  
sometimes, but sometimes

and beat the north wind home

Before spring comes

blows as wind, when Thracian Boreas is chasing  
the thick clouds.

Beat this weather. Finish your work  
and get on homeward

555 before the darkening cloud from the sky  
can gather about you,

and soak your clothing through to the skin,  
leaving you wet through.

Better keep out of its way; of all months  
this is the hardest,

full of stormy weather, hard on flocks,  
hard on people.

At that time the oxen should have half rations,  
but a man

560 more than usual, for the nights add up and are longer.

Keep all these warnings I give you, as the year  
is completed

and the days become equal with the nights again,  
when once more

the earth, mother of us all, bears yield  
in all variety.

Now, when Zeus has brought to completion  
sixty more winter

565 days, after the sun has turned in his course,  
the star

Arcturus, leaving behind the sacred stream  
of the ocean,

first begins to rise and shine at the edges  
of evening.

After him, the treble-crying swallow,

Pandion's daughter,  
comes into the sight of men when spring's just  
at the beginning.

prune your vines

In late spring the vineyards should  
be dug

In harvest time

Wake early, work long

In midsummer when men are burned  
out and weakened you can relax  
somewhat



- 570 Be there before her. Prune your vines.  
 That way it is better.  
 But when House-on-Back, the snail,  
 crawls from the ground up  
 the plants, escaping the Pleiades, it's no longer  
 time for vine-digging;  
 time rather to put an edge to your sickles,  
 and rout out your helpers.  
 Keep away from sitting in the shade or lying in bed  
 till the sun's up
- 575 in the time of the harvest, when the sunshine  
 scorches your skin dry.  
 This is the season to push your work and bring home  
 your harvest;  
 get up with the first light so you'll have enough  
 to live on.  
 Dawn takes away from work a third part  
 of the work's measure.  
 Dawn sets a man well along on his journey,  
 in his work also,
- 580 dawn, who when she shows, has numerous people going  
 their ways; dawn who puts the yoke upon many oxen.  
 But when the artichoke is in flower,  
 and the clamorous cricket  
 sitting in his tree lets go his vociferous singing,  
 that issues  
 from the beating of his wings, in the exhausting  
 season of summer;
- 585 then is when goats are at their fattest,  
 when the wine tastes best,  
 women are most lascivious, but the men's strength  
 fails them

In the next season, winnow

store your grain

get a new maid

most, for the star Seirios shrivels them, knees  
 and heads alike,  
 and the skin is all dried out in the heat; then,  
 at that season,  
 one might have the shadow under the rock,  
 and the wine of Biblis,  
 590 a curd cake, and all the milk that the goats  
 can give you,  
 the meat of a heifer, bred in the woods,  
 who has never borne a calf,  
 and of baby kids also. Then, too, one can sit  
 in the shadow  
 and drink the bright-shining wine, his heart  
 satiated with eating  
 and face turned in the direction where Zephyros  
 blows briskly,  
 595 make three libations of water from a spring  
 that keeps running forever  
 and has no mud in it; and pour wine  
 for the fourth libation.  
 Rouse up your slaves to winnow the sacred yield  
 of Demeter  
 at the time when powerful Orion first shows himself;  
 do it  
 in a place where there is a good strong wind,  
 on a floor that's rounded.  
 600 Measure it by storing it neatly away in the bins.  
 Then after  
 you have laid away a good store of livelihood  
 in your house,  
 put your hired man out of doors, and look  
 for a serving-maid

look after your beasts and  
people

Then in the next season bring in  
the grapes

plow again

and your year's back to its  
beginning

So much for the landsman's year

with no children, as one with young  
 to look after's a nuisance;  
 and look after your dog with the sharp teeth,  
 do not spare feeding him,  
 605 so the Man Who Sleeps in the Daytime won't be  
 getting at your goods.  
 Bring in hay and fodder so that your mules  
 and your oxen  
 will have enough to eat and go on with. Then,  
 when that is done,  
 let your helpers refresh their knees,  
 and unyoke your oxen.  
 Then, when Orion and Seirios are come to the middle  
 610 of the sky, and the rosy-fingered Dawn  
 confronts Arcturus,  
 then, Perses, cut off all your grapes, and bring  
 them home with you.  
 Show your grapes to the sun for ten days  
 and for ten nights,  
 cover them with shade for five, and on the sixth day  
 press out  
 the gifts of bountiful Dionysos into jars.  
 Then after  
 615 the Pleiades and the Hyades and the strength of Orion  
 have set, then remember again to begin  
 your seasonal plowing,  
 and the full year will go underground,  
 completing the cycle.

But if the desire for stormy seagoing  
 seizes upon you:  
 why, when the Pleiades, running to escape  
 from Orion's



But if, Perses, you must go to sea

(for profit, like our father

who sailed

but finally settled us in this  
awful place)

- 620 grim bulk, duck themselves under the misty face  
 of the water,  
 at that time the blasts of the winds are blowing  
 from every direction,  
 then is no time to keep your ships  
 on the wine-blue water.  
 Think of working your land instead,  
 as I keep telling you.  
 Haul your ship up on the dry land, and make  
 an enclosure
- 625 of stones about it, to keep out the force of winds  
 that blow wet,  
 and pull the plug, so the rains of Zeus will not rot  
 the timbers.  
 Take all the tackle that's rigged to the ship,  
 and lay it up indoors,  
 neatly stowing the wings of the ship that goes  
 over the water;  
 hang the well-wrought steering-oar over the smoke  
 of the fireplace,
- 630 and yourself wait for the time to come when a voyage  
 is in season.  
 Then drag your swift ship down to the sea,  
 and put in a cargo  
 that will be suitable for it, so you can bring home  
 a profit,  
 as did my father, and yours too, O Perses,  
 you great fool,  
 who used to sail in ships, for he wanted to live  
 like a noble,
- 635 and once on a time, leaving Kyme of Aiolis,  
 he came here

(the worst place in fact  
at the worst time)

though you had better not sail  
in the first place

if you must

I will advise you, though I am  
no sailor

in his black ship, having crossed over  
 a vast amount of water;  
 and it was not comfort he was fleeing, nor wealth,  
 nor prosperity,  
 but that evil poverty that Zeus gives men  
 for a present;  
 and settled here near Helikon in a hole of a village,  
 640 Askra, bad in winter, tiresome in summer,  
 and good at no season.

As for you, Perses, remember the timely seasons  
 for all work  
 done, but remember it particularly about seafaring.  
 Admire a little ship, but put your cargo in a big one.  
 The bigger the cargo, the bigger will be  
 the profit added

645 to profit—if only the winds hold off  
 their harsh gales from it.

But for when, turning your easily blown thoughts  
 toward a merchant's

life, you wish to escape your debts,  
 and unhappy hunger,

I will show you the measures  
 of the much-thundering sea, I

who am not one who has much knowledge of ships  
 and sea voyages;

650 for I never did sail in a ship across the wide water  
 except across to Euboea from Aulis, where once  
 the Achaians

stayed out the storm and gathered together  
 a great many people  
 from sacred Hellas to go to Troy,  
 the land of fair women.

from inspiration, not experience

The fifty days after the summer  
solstice are the best time



- There I crossed over to Chalkis  
 for the games held in honor  
 655 of gallant Amphidamas, for the sons  
 of this great-hearted  
 man had set out many chosen prizes. There,  
 I can claim,  
 I won the contest with a song  
 and took off an eared tripod;  
 and this I set up as an offering  
 to the Muses of Helikon,  
 where they first had made me a master  
 of melodious singing.
- 660 This is all my experience with intricately bolted  
 ships, but still I can tell you the thought,  
 which is of aegis-bearing  
 Zeus, for the Muses have taught me to sing  
 immortal poetry.
- For fifty days, after the turn  
 of the summer solstice,  
 when the wearisome season of the hot weather  
 goes to its conclusion  
 665 then is the timely season for men to voyage.
- You will not  
 break up your ship, nor will the sea drown  
 its people, unless  
 Poseidon, the shaker of the earth,  
 of his own volition,  
 or Zeus, the king of the immortals, wishes  
 to destroy it,  
 for with these rests authority for all outcomes,  
 good or evil.
- 670 At that time the breezes can be judged,  
 and the sea is untroubled.

Early spring is dangerous

and death at sea is terrible

At that time, trusting your swift ship to the winds,  
 you can draw her  
 down to the sea at will, and load all your cargo  
 inside her;  
 but make haste still, for the sake of  
 an earlier homecoming,  
 and do not wait for the season of new wine,  
 and the autumn  
 675 rain, and the winter coming on,  
 and the hard-blowing southwind  
 who comes up behind the heavy rains that Zeus sends  
 in autumn  
 and upheaves the sea and makes the open water  
 difficult.

There is one other sailing season for men,  
 in spring time.  
 At that point, when you first make out  
 on the topmost branches  
 680 of the fig tree, a leaf as big as the print  
 that a crow makes  
 when he walks; at that time also the sea is navigable  
 and this is called the spring sailing season.

I for my part  
 do not like it. There is nothing about it  
 that I find pleasant.  
 It's snatched. You will find it hard  
 to escape coming to grief. Yet still  
 685 and even so, men in their short-sightedness  
 do undertake it;  
 for acquisition means life to miserable mortals;  
 but it is an awful thing to die among the waves.  
 No, rather

Only profit can justify the risk

Watch your times

Now, as to your home life

Marry at about thirty, and let her  
be about eighteen

and don't be fooled

I tell you to follow with all your attention,  
as I instruct you.

Do not adventure your entire livelihood  
in hollow ships.

690 Leave the greater part ashore and make  
the lesser part cargo.

For it is awful to run on disaster in the waves  
of the open

water, and awful to put an overwhelming load  
on your wagon

and break the axle, and have all the freight  
go to nothing.

Observe measures. Timeliness is best in all matters.

695 You are of age to marry a wife and bring her  
home with you

when you are about thirty, not being many years  
short of

that mark, nor going much over. That age  
is ripe for your marriage.

Let your wife be full grown four years,  
and marry in the fifth.

Better marry a maiden, so you can teach her  
good manners,

700 and in particular marry one who lives close by you.

Look her well over first. Don't marry what will  
make your neighbors

laugh at you, for while there's nothing better  
a man can win him

than a good wife, there's nothing more dismal  
than a bad one.

She eats him out. And even though her husband  
be a strong man,



Be pious

toward gods, family, and friends

Do not make too many friends

Watch your tongue

705 she burns him dry without fire, and gives him  
to a green old age.

Always observe a due regard for the blessed  
immortals.

Do not put some friend on equal terms  
with your brother;

but if you do, never be the first to do him an injury.

Do not tell lies for the sake of talking.

If your friend begins it

710 by speaking some disagreeable word,  
or doing some injury,

remember, and pay him back twice over. Then,  
if he would bring you

back into his friendship, and propose  
to give reparation,

take him back. A mean man's one  
who is constantly changing

friend for friend. Do not let appearance  
confound perception.

715 Do not be called every man's friend.

Do not be called friendless,

nor companion of bad people, nor one who quarrels  
with good ones.

Never be so hard as to mock a man for hateful,  
heart-eating

poverty. That's a gift given  
by the blessed immortals.

The best reserve of resource that men can have  
is a sparing

720 tongue, and they are best liked when that  
goes moderately;

and manners

Be respectful to all gods, including  
the powers of nature

Avoid unlucky acts

if you say a bad thing, you may soon hear a worse  
thing said about you.

Never be disagreeable at a feast  
where many guests  
come together; there good feeling's greatest,  
expense is slightest.

Never, from dawn forward, pour a shining libation  
725 of wine to Zeus or the other immortals,  
without washing your hands first.

When you do, they do not hear your prayers;  
they spit them back at you.

Never stand upright and make water  
facing the sun,  
but only, remember, when he has set,  
or before his rising.

Nor do it when you are on the road,  
nor yet turning out from  
730 the road, nor showing yourself. For nights  
belong to the Blessed Ones.

A devout man, one who has learned the right way  
to do things,  
will huddle down, or go to the wall  
of a courtyard enclosure.

Do not, when in your house, ever show yourself  
near the hearthside  
when you are physically unclean,  
but keep away from it.

735 Do not, when you have come back  
from an ill-omened burial,  
beget children, but when you come from a feast  
of the immortals.

Never wade through the pretty ripples  
of perpetually flowing



such as, for instance, cutting your  
nails at a divine service

etc.



rivers, until you have looked at their lovely waters,  
 and prayed to them,  
 and washed your hands in the pale enchanting water.  
 For if one

740 wades a river unwashed of hands  
 and unwashed of wickedness  
 the gods are outraged at him, and give him pains  
 for the future.

Never, at a happy festival of the gods, cut off  
 the dry from the green on the five-branch plant  
 with shining iron.

Never put the wine-ladle on top  
 of the mixing bowl  
 745 when people are drinking. This brings  
 accursed bad luck with it.

Never, when you are building a house,  
 leave rough edges on it,  
 for fear a raucous crow may perch there,  
 and croak at you.

Never take up, without an offering, a piece of pottery  
 and eat or wash from it. There is a forfeit  
 on these also.

750 Never let a twelve-year-old boy sit on anything  
 not to be moved; better not; it makes a man  
 lose his virility;  
 nor a twelve-month-boy either, for this will work  
 in the same way.

A man should never wash his body in water a woman  
 has used, for there is a dismal forfeit  
 that comes in time also  
 755 for this act.

Nor, if you chance on sacred offerings  
 burning,

Do not gossip

You're starting something you can  
not control

Watch what days are lucky or unlucky  
for doing what things

and here they are

must you make fun of the rites. The god, naturally,  
resents this.

Never make water into the outlets  
of rivers meeting  
the sea, nor in their springs, but altogether  
avoid this;  
nor plunge in them to cool off; it means no good  
if you do this.

760 Do as I tell you. And keep away from  
the gossip of people.  
For gossip is an evil thing by nature,  
she's a light weight to lift up,  
oh very easy, but heavy to carry, and hard  
to put down again.  
Gossip never disappears entirely once many people  
have talked her big. In fact, she really is  
some sort of goddess.

765 Observe the Days that come from Zeus, all  
in their right order.  
Explain them to your workers; that the thirtieth  
of the month  
is best for supervising works,  
and for doling provisions.

And here follow the days that come to us  
from the counselor  
Zeus, when men who judge their true nature  
can observe them.

770 First of all, the first, fourth, and seventh  
of the month are holy;  
it was on this last that Leto gave birth to Apollo  
of the golden sword. Then the eighth and ninth,  
two days in each month

(according to the waxing month, the  
midmonth, and the waning month)

(or to the two halves of the month)

(or according to the whole month)

as it waxes, are excellent for mortal labors.

The eleventh day, and the twelfth too,  
are both very good days

775 either for shearing sheep or for reaping  
the good harvest;

but of these the twelfth day is far better  
than the eleventh,

for it is on the twelfth that the air-flying  
spider weaves

her web in the full of the day, and Know-All, the ant,  
piles her dirt-hill.

On this day a wife could set up her loom  
and get her work going.

780 In the waxing month, the thirteenth day  
is to be avoided

for planting seed, but it is the best  
for transplanting seedlings.

The sixth of midmonth is very unfavorable  
for plants,

but good for the birth of males; not favorable  
for girl-children,

either to be born in the first place or to go  
to their marriage.

785 Nor is the early sixth either suitable  
for a girl-child

to be born, but for gelding kids, and lambs,  
and for putting

an enclosure around the sheeppen  
it is a day kind and propitious.

Fine, too, for a boy born; but he'll be one  
who is fond of teasing,

and telling lies, and flattering speeches,  
and beguiling sweet talk.

*Pass when  
Perseus was  
born?*



and is more, and yet not for a small labor.  
 (Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 100-101)  
 are both very good days  
 either for sowing seed or for reaping  
 the good harvest  
 (Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 102-103)  
 than the clearest,  
 for it is on the twelfth that the sowing  
 of grain comes  
 (Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 104-105)  
 yet for the folk  
 On the day a wife could set up her loom  
 and get her work done  
 in the wrong month, the thirteenth day  
 is to be avoided  
 for planting seed, but it is the best  
 for transplanting seedlings.  
 The sixth of November is very unfavorable  
 for plants  
 but good for the birth of males, not favorable  
 for girls.  
 either to be born in the first phase or to go  
 to their marriage  
 (Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 106-107)  
 for a girl-child  
 to be born, but for getting rich and happy  
 and for getting  
 an inheritance around the six years  
 it is a day good and profitable  
 (Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 108-109)  
 (Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 110-111)  
 who is fond of tending  
 and tending his and his own sheep  
 and beginning sweet talk

790 On the eighth of the month, it is time  
 to geld the boar and the bellowing  
 bull; but the hard-working mules should be done  
 on the twelfth day.

On the great twentieth, in full day,  
 a man who will be learned  
 should be born, for one of that day  
 is well armed with brains.  
 The tenth is fine for a boy-child to be born;  
 for a girl-child

795 the fourth of midmonth, on which day  
 you should gentle your sheep, your  
 horn-curved shambling cattle, sharp-toothed dog,  
 and hard-working  
 mules, by stroking them with the hand,  
 but be very careful  
 on the fourth of the waxing, the fourth  
 of the waning month, to avoid  
 troubles that eat out the heart. For this day  
 has great authority.

800 On the fourth day of the month  
 bring your wife home, only  
 first watch out the bird signs most favorable  
 to this business.

Beware of all fifth days; they are harsh  
 and angry; it was on  
 the fifth, they say, that the Erinyes  
 assisted at the bearing  
 of Oath, whom Strife bore, to be a plague  
 on those who take false oath.

805 On the seventh of midmonth, after looking  
 carefully all about you,

Observe these properties of days

It is the final observance

necessary to make your life of

work a happy one

throw down the holy grain of Demeter  
 on a well-rounded  
 floor; and it's time for the carpenter  
 to cut the house beams  
 and all the many timbers that are required  
 for ship building.

On the fourth, one can begin putting  
 the narrow ships together.

810 The ninth of midmonth grows better toward evening.  
 The first ninth is altogether free of harm for men,  
 for it is a very good day for either a man or a woman  
 either to beget or be born. It is never  
 a truly bad day.

Few know that the twenty-seventh of the month  
 is the best day  
 815 for starting on a wine jar or for putting the yoke  
 on the necks  
 of oxen, or of mules, or swift-footed horses, also  
 for hauling a fast ship with many locks  
 down to the wine-blue  
 waters. For there are few who call true things  
 by their right names.

On the fourth open a wine jar; the fourth  
 is surpassingly sacred  
 820 in midmonth. Few, again, know that any day  
 after the twentieth  
 is best in the dawning, but in the late day  
 it grows less good.

These are the days which greatly advantage  
 earthly people.  
 The others are full of vain noise, ineffective,  
 and produce nothing.

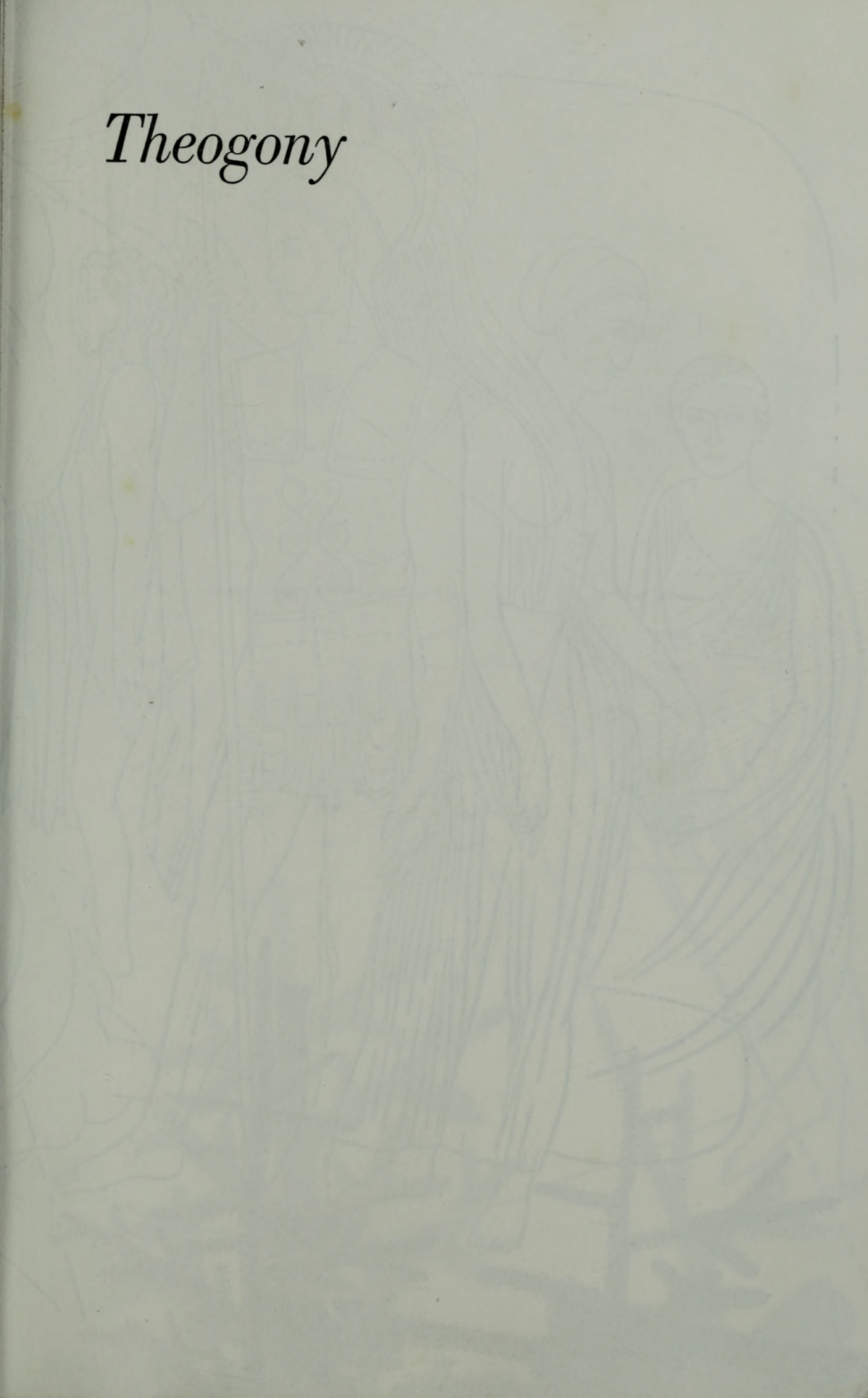
Every man will have his favorite day, but few  
know about them.

825 A certain day is sometimes a stepmother,  
sometimes a mother.

But that man is fortunate and blessed who,  
knowing all these  
matters, goes on with his work,  
innocent toward the immortals,  
watching all the bird signs, and keeping clear  
of transgression.



# *Theogony*







- Let us begin our singing  
 from the Helikonian Muses  
 who possess the great and holy mountain  
 of Helikon  
 and dance there on soft feet  
 by the dark blue water  
 of the spring, and by the altar  
 of the powerful son of Kronos;  
 5 who wash their tender bodies in the waters  
 of Permessos  
 or Hippokrene, spring of the Horse,  
 or holy Olmeios,  
 and on the high places of Helikon  
 have ordered their dances  
 which are handsome and beguiling,  
 and light are the feet they move on.  
 From there they rise, and put a veiling  
 of deep mist upon them,  
 10 and walk in the night, singing  
 in sweet voices, and celebrating  
 Zeus, the holder of the aegis, and Hera,  
 his lady  
 of Argos, who treads on golden sandals,  
 and singing also  
 Athene the gray-eyed, daughter of Zeus  
 of the aegis,  
 Phoibos Apollo, and Artemis  
 of the showering arrows,  
 15 Poseidon who encircles the earth in his arms  
 and shakes it,  
 stately Themis, and Aphrodite  
 of the fluttering eyelids,  
 Hebe of the golden wreath, beautiful Dione,

Leto and Iapetos and devious-devising Kronos,  
 Eos, the dawn, great Helios,  
 and shining Selene,  
 20 Gaia, the earth, and great Okeanos,  
 and dark Night,  
 and all the holy rest of the everlasting  
 immortals.

And it was they who once taught Hesiod  
 his splendid singing  
 as he was shepherding his lambs  
 on holy Helikon,  
 and these were the first words of all  
 the goddesses spoke to me,  
 25 the Muses of Olympia, daughters of Zeus  
 of the aegis:

“You shepherds of the wilderness, poor fools,  
 nothing but bellies,  
 we know how to say many false things  
 that seem like true sayings,  
 but we know also how to speak the truth  
 when we wish to.”

So they spoke, these mistresses of words,  
 daughters of great Zeus,  
 30 and they broke off and handed me a staff  
 of strong-growing  
 olive shoot, a wonderful thing;  
 they breathed a voice into me,  
 and power to sing the story of things  
 of the future, and things past.  
 They told me to sing the race  
 of the blessed gods everlasting,  
 but always to put themselves  
 at the beginning and end of my singing.



35 But what is all this to me, the story  
of the oak or the boulder?

Come you then, let us begin from the Muses,  
who by their singing  
delight the great mind of Zeus, their father,  
who lives on Olympos,  
as they tell of what is, and what is to be,  
and what was before now  
with harmonious voices, and the sound  
that comes sweet from their mouths  
40 never falters, and all the mansion of Zeus  
the father  
of the deep thunder is joyful  
in the light voice of the goddesses  
that scatters through it, and the peaks  
of snowy Olympos re-echo  
and the homes of the immortals, and they  
in divine utterance  
sing first the glory of the majestic race  
of immortals  
45 from its beginning, those born  
to wide Ouranos and Gaia,  
and the gods who were born to these in turn,  
the givers of blessings.  
Then next they sing of Zeus, the father  
of gods and of mortals,  
and they begin this strain and end  
this strain singing of him,  
how greatly he surpasses all gods,  
and in might is the strongest.  
50 And then again the Olympian Muses,  
daughters of aegis-

wearing Zeus, delight his mind that dwells  
on Olympus

by singing the race of human kind,  
and the powerful Giants.

L Mnemosyne, queen of the Eleutherian hills,  
bore them

in Pieria, when she had lain  
with the Kronian Father;

55 they bring forgetfulness of sorrows,  
and rest from anxieties.

L For nine nights Zeus of the counsels  
lay with her, going  
up into her sacred bed, far away  
from the other immortals.

But when it was a year,  
after the seasons' turning  
and the months had waned away, and many days  
were accomplished,

60 she bore her nine daughters, concordant  
of heart, and singing  
is all the thought that is in them,  
and no care troubles their spirits.

She bore them a little way off  
from the highest snowy summit  
of Olympus; there are their shining  
dancing places, their handsome  
houses, and the Graces and Desire live there  
beside them

65 in festivity; lovely is the voice  
that issues from their lips  
as they sing of all the laws and all  
the gracious customs

of the immortals, and glorify them  
with their sweet voices.

At that time, glorying in their power  
of song, they went to Olympos  
in immortal music, and all the black earth  
re-echoed to them

70 as they sang, and the lovely beat  
of their footsteps sprang beneath them  
as they hastened to their father, to him  
who is King in the heaven,  
who holds in his own hands the thunder  
and the flamy lightning,  
who overpowered and put down  
his father Kronos, and ordained  
to the immortals all rights that are theirs,  
and defined their stations.

75 All these things the Muses who have  
their homes on Olympos  
sang then, and they are nine daughters  
whose father is great Zeus:  
Kleio and Euterpe, Thaleia and Melpomene,  
Terpsichore and Erato, Polymnia and Ourania,  
with Kalliope, who of all holds  
the highest position.

80 For it is she who attends  
on the respected barons.  
And when on one of these kingly nobles,  
at the time of his birth,  
the daughters of great Zeus cast their eyes  
and bestow their favors,  
upon his speech they make a distillation  
of sweetness,

and from his mouth the words run blandishing,  
 and his people  
 85 all look in his direction as he judges  
 their cases  
 with straight decisions, and,  
 by an unfaltering declaration  
 can put a quick and expert end even  
 to a great quarrel:  
 and that is why there are temperate barons,  
 because for their people  
 who have gone astray in assembly these  
 lightly turn back their actions  
 90 to the right direction, talking them over  
 with gentle arguments.  
 As such a one walks through an assembly,  
 the people adore him  
 like a god, with gentle respect;  
 he stands out among all assembled.  
 Such is the holy gift the Muses  
 give to humanity.  
 So it is from the Muses, and from Apollo  
 of the far cast,  
 95 that there are men on earth who are poets,  
 and players on the lyre.  
 The lords are from Zeus; but blessed  
 is that one whom the Muses  
 love, for the voice of his mouth runs  
 and is sweet, and even  
 when a man has sorrow fresh  
 in the troublement of his spirit  
 and is struck to wonder over the grief  
 in his heart, the singer,

100 the servant of the Muses singing  
 the glories of ancient  
 men, and the blessed gods  
 who have their homes on Olympus,  
 makes him presently forget his cares,  
 he no longer remembers  
 sorrow, for the gifts of the goddesses  
 soon turn his thoughts elsewhere.

Hail, then, children of Zeus:  
 grant me lovely singing.

105 Now sound out the holy stock  
 of the everlasting immortals  
 who came into being out of Gaia  
 and starry Ouranos  
 and gloomy Night, whom Pontos, the salt sea,  
 brought to maturity;  
 and tell, how at the first the gods  
 and the earth were begotten  
 and rivers, and the boundless sea,  
 raging in its swell,  
 110 the blazing stars, and the wide sky above all,  
 tell of  
 the gods, bestowers of blessings,  
 who were begotten of all these,  
 and how they divided their riches  
 and distributed their privileges,  
 and how they first took possession  
 of many-folded Olympus,  
 tell me all this, you Muses  
 who have your homes on Olympus,



115 from the beginning, and tell who was first  
to come forth among them.

First of all there came Chaos,  
and after him came  
Gaia of the broad breast,  
to be the unshakable foundation  
of all the immortals who keep the crests  
of snowy Olympos,  
and Tartaros the foggy in the pit  
of the wide-wayed earth,

120 and Eros, who is love, handsomest among all  
the immortals,

who breaks the limbs' strength,  
who in all gods, in all human beings  
overpowers the intelligence in the breast,  
and all their shrewd planning.

From Chaos was born Erebos, the dark,  
and black Night,

and from Night again Aither and Hemera,  
the day, were begotten,

125 for she lay in love with Erebos  
and conceived and bore these two.

But Gaia's first born was one  
who matched her every dimension,

Ouranos, the starry sky,  
to cover her all over,

to be an unshakable standing-place  
for the blessed immortals.

Then she brought forth the tall Hills,  
those wild haunts that are beloved

130 by the goddess Nymphs who live on the hills  
and in their forests.

Without any sweet act of love  
 she produced the barren  
 sea, Pontos, seething in his fury of waves,  
 and after this  
 she lay with Ouranos, and bore him  
 deep-swirling Okeanos  
 the ocean-stream; and Koios, Krios,  
 Hyperion, Iapetos,  
 135 and Theia too and Rheia, and Themis,  
 and Mnemosyne,  
 Phoibe of the wreath of gold,  
 and Tethys the lovely.  
 After these her youngest-born  
 was devious-devising Kronos,  
 most terrible of her children;  
 and he hated his strong father.  
 She brought forth also the Kyklopes,  
 whose hearts are proud and powerful,  
 140 Brontes and Steropes, and Arges  
 of the violent spirit,  
 who made the thunder and gave it to Zeus,  
 and fashioned the lightning.  
 These in all the rest of their shape  
 were made like gods,  
 but they had only one eye set in the middle  
 of their foreheads.  
 Kyklopes, wheel-eyed, was the name given them,  
 by reason  
 145 of the single wheel-shaped eye  
 that was set in their foreheads.  
 Strength and force, and contriving skills,  
 were in all their labors.

And still other children were born  
 to Gaia and Ouranos,  
 three sons, big and powerful, so great  
 they could never be told of,  
 Kottos, Briareos, and Gyes,  
 overmastering children.

150 Each had a hundred intolerably strong arms  
 bursting  
 out of his shoulders,  
 and on the shoulders of each grew fifty  
 heads, above their massive bodies;  
 irresistible  
 and staunch strength matched the appearance  
 of their big bodies,  
 and of all children ever born  
 to Gaia and Ouranos  
 155 these were the most terrible,  
 and they hated their father  
 from the beginning, and every time each one  
 was beginning  
 to come out, he would push them back again,  
 deep inside Gaia,  
 and would not let them into the light,  
 and Ouranos exulted  
 in his wicked work; but great Gaia  
 groaned within for pressure  
 160 of pain; and then she thought of an evil,  
 treacherous attack.

Presently creating the element of gray flint  
 she made of it a great sickle,  
 and explained it to her own children,  
 and spoke, in the disturbance of her heart,  
 to encourage them:

“My sons, born to me of a criminal father,  
if you are willing

165 to obey me, we can punish your father  
for the brutal treatment  
he put upon you, for he was first to think  
of shameful dealing.”

So she spoke, but fear took hold of all,  
nor did one of them  
speak, but then great devious-devising Kronos  
took courage

and spoke in return,  
and gave his gracious mother an answer:

170 “My mother, I will promise to undertake  
to accomplish

this act, and for our father,  
him of the evil name, I care  
nothing, for he was the first  
to think of shameful dealing.”

So he spoke, and giant Gaia  
rejoiced greatly in her heart  
and took and hid him in a secret ambush,  
and put into his hands

175 the sickle, edged like teeth, and told him  
all her treachery.

And huge Ouranos came on  
bringing night with him, and desiring  
love he embraced Gaia and lay over her  
stretched out  
complete, and from his hiding place his son  
reached with his left hand  
and seized him, and holding in his right  
the enormous sickle

- 180 with its long blade edged like teeth,  
     he swung it sharply,  
 and lopped the members of his own father,  
     and threw them behind him  
 to fall where they would,  
     but they were not lost away when they were flung  
 from his hand, but all the bloody drops  
     that went splashing from them  
 were taken in by Gaia, the earth,  
     and with the turning of the seasons  
 185 she brought forth the powerful Furies  
     and the tall Giants  
 shining in their armor  
     and holding long spears in their hands;  
 and the nymphs they call, on boundless earth,  
     the Nymphs of the Ash Trees.  
 But the members themselves, when Kronos  
     had lopped them with the flint,  
 he threw from the mainland  
     into the great wash of the sea water  
 190 and they drifted a great while  
     on the open sea, and there spread  
 a circle of white foam  
     from the immortal flesh, and in it  
 grew a girl, whose course first took her  
     to holy Kythera,  
 and from there she afterward made her way  
     to sea-washed Cyprus  
 and stepped ashore, a modest lovely Goddess,  
     and about her  
 195 light and slender feet the grass grew,  
     and the gods call her



Aphrodite, and men do too,  
 and the aphro-foam-born  
 goddess, and garlanded Kythereia,  
 because from the seafoam  
 she grew, and Kythereia because she had gone  
 to Kythera,

and Kyprogeneia, because she came forth  
 from wave-washed Cyprus,

200 and Philommedea, because she appeared  
 from *medea*, members.

And Eros went with her, and handsome Himeros  
 attended her

when first she was born, and when she joined  
 the immortal community,

and here is the privilege she was given

and holds from the beginning,

and which is the part she plays among men

and the gods immortal:

205 the whispering together of girls,

the smiles and deceptions,

the delight, and the sweetnesses of love,

and the flattery.

But their great father Ouranos,

who himself begot them,

bitterly gave to those others, his sons,

the name of Titans,

the Stretchers, for they stretched

their power outrageously and accomplished

210 a monstrous thing, and they would some day

be punished for it.

But Night bore horrible Moros, and black Ker,

End and Fate,

and Death, and Sleep, and she bore also  
 the brood of Dreams,  
 she, dark Night, by herself,  
 and had not been loved by any god,  
 and then again she bore mocking Momos  
 and painful Oizys,  
 215 and the Hesperides, who across  
 the fabulous stream of the Ocean  
 keep the golden apples  
 and the fruit-bearing orchards,  
 and she bore the destinies, the Moirai,  
 and the cruelly never-forgetful  
 Fates, Klotho, Lachesis, and Atropos,  
 who at their birth  
 bestow upon mortals their portion  
 of good and evil,  
 220 and these control the transgressions  
 of both men and divinities,  
 and these goddesses never remit  
 their dreaded anger  
 until whoever has done wrong  
 gives them satisfaction.  
 And she, destructive Night, bore Nemesis,  
 who gives much pain  
 to mortals; and afterward cheating Deception  
 and loving Affection  
 225 and then malignant Old Age  
 and overbearing Discord.  
 Hateful Discord in turn  
 bore painful Hardship,  
 and Forgetfulness, and Starvation,  
 and the Pains, full of weeping,

the Battles and the Quarrels, the Murders  
 and the Manslaughters,  
 the Grievances, the lying Stories,  
 the Disputations,

230 and Lawlessness and Ruin, who share  
 one another's nature,  
 and Oath, who does more damage than any other  
 to earthly  
 men, when anyone, of his knowledge,  
 swears to a false oath.

But Pontos, the great Sea, was father  
 of truthful Nereus  
 who tells no lies, eldest of his sons.

They call him the Old Gentleman  
 235 because he is trustworthy, and gentle,  
 and never forgetful  
 of what is right, but the thoughts  
 of his mind are mild and righteous.  
 And Pontos again fathered great Thaumás,  
 and haughty Phorkys  
 when he lay with Gaia, and he fathered Keto  
 of the fair face,  
 and Eurybia, who has a heart of stone  
 inside her.

240 To Nereus and to Doris of the lovely hair,  
 daughter  
 of Okeanos the completely encircling river,  
 there were born  
 in the barren sea daughters  
 greatly beautiful even among goddesses:  
 Ploto and Eukrante and Amphitrite and Saö,  
 Eudora and Thetis, and Galene and Glauke,  
 245 Kymothoë and Speio, and Thoë and lovely Halia,

- Pasithea and Erato, Eunike of the rose arms,  
 and graceful Melite and Eulimene and Agauë,  
 Doto and Proto, Dynamene and Pherousa,  
 Nesaië and Aktaïë and Protomedeia,  
 250 Doris and Panopeia, and Galateia  
     the beautiful,  
 Hippothoë the lovely  
     and Hipponoë of the rose arms,  
 Kymodoke who, with Kymatolege and Amphitrite,  
 light of foot, on the misty face  
     of the open water  
 easily stills the waves and hushes the winds  
     in their blowing,  
 255 Kymo and Eïone, Halimede  
     of the bright garland,  
 Glaukonome, the lover of laughter,  
     and Pontoporeia,  
 Leagore and Euagore and Laomedeia,  
 Poulynoë and Autonoë and Lysianassa,  
 Euarne of the lovely figure  
     and face of perfection,  
 260 Psamathe of the graceful form  
     and shining Menippe,  
 Neso and Eupompe, and Themisto and Pronoë,  
 and Nemertes, whose mind is like that  
     of her immortal father.  
 These were the daughters born  
     to irreproachable Nereus,  
 fifty in all, and the actions they know  
     are beyond reproach, also.  
 265 Now Thaumās married a daughter  
     of deep-running Okeanos,

Elektra, and she bore him swift-footed Iris,  
 the rainbow,  
 and the Harpies of the lovely hair,  
 Okypete and Aëllo,  
 and these two in the speed of their wings  
 keep pace with the blowing  
 winds, or birds in flight, as they soar  
 and swoop, high aloft.

270 And to Phorkys Keto bore the Graiai,  
 with fair faces  
 and gray from birth, and these the gods  
 who are immortal  
 and men who walk on the earth call Graiai,  
 the gray sisters,  
 Pemphredo robed in beauty and Enyo  
 robed in saffron,  
 and the Gorgons who, beyond the famous stream  
 of the Ocean,

275 live in the utmost place toward night,  
 by the singing Hesperides:  
 they are Sthenno, Euryale, and Medusa,  
 whose fate was a sad one,  
 for she was mortal, but the other two  
 immortal and ageless  
 both alike. Poseidon, he of the dark hair,  
 lay with  
 one of these, in a soft meadow  
 and among spring flowers.

280 But when Perseus had cut off  
 the head of Medusa  
 there sprang from her blood great Chrysaör  
 and the horse Pegasos



- so named from the *pegai*, the springs  
 of the Ocean, where she was born,  
 while Chrysaör is named from the golden *aör*,  
 the sword he handles.  
 Pegasos, soaring, left the earth,  
 the mother of sheepflocks,  
 285 and came to the immortals, and there he lives  
 in the household  
 of Zeus, and carries the thunder  
 and lightning for Zeus of the counsels.  
 Chrysaör, married to Kallirhoë,  
 daughter of glorious  
 Okeanos, was father  
 to the triple-headed Geryon,  
 but Geryon was killed by the great strength  
 of Herakles  
 290 at sea-circled Erytheia  
 beside his own shambling cattle  
 on that day when Herakles drove  
 those broad-faced cattle  
 toward holy Tiryns, when he crossed  
 the stream of the Ocean  
 and had killed Orthos and the oxherd Eurytion  
 out in that gloomy meadow  
 beyond the fabulous Ocean.  
 295 But she, Kallirhoë, bore another  
 unmanageable monster  
 like nothing human  
 nor like the immortal gods either,  
 in a hollow cave. This was the divine  
 and haughty Echidna,  
 and half of her is a nymph  
 with a fair face and eyes glancing,

but the other half is a monstrous snake,  
 terrible, enormous  
 300 and squirming and voracious,  
 there in earth's secret places.  
 For there she has her cave  
 on the underside of a hollow  
 rock, far from the immortal gods,  
 and far from all mortals.  
 There the gods ordained her a fabulous home  
 to live in  
 which she keeps underground among the Arimoi,  
 grisly Echidna,  
 305 a nymph who never dies, and all her days  
 she is ageless.  
 They say that Typhaön, the terrible,  
 violent and lawless,  
 was joined in love with this girl  
 of the glancing eyes, and she  
 conceiving bore children to him,  
 with hard tempers.  
 First she bore him Orthos,  
 who was Geryones' herding dog,  
 310 and next again she bore the unspeakable,  
 unmanageable  
 Kerberos, the savage,  
 the bronze-barking dog of Hades,  
 fifty-headed, and powerful,  
 and without pity.  
 And third again she bore  
 the grisly-minded Hydra  
 of Lerna, whom the goddess  
 white-armed Hera nourished

- 315 because of her quenchless grudge  
       against the strong Herakles.  
 Yet he, Herakles, son of Zeus,  
       of the line of Amphitryon,  
 by design of Athene the spoiler,  
       and with help from warlike  
 Iolaos, killed this beast  
       with the pitiless bronze sword.  
 Hydra bore the Chimaira, who snorted  
       raging fire,  
 320 a beast great and terrible,  
       and strong and swift-footed.  
 Her heads were three: one was that  
       of a glare-eyed lion,  
 one of a goat, and the third of a snake,  
       a powerful dragon.  
 325 But Chimaira was killed by Pegasos  
       and gallant Bellerophon.  
 But Echidna also, in love with Orthos,  
       mothered the deadly  
 Sphinx, the bane of the Kadmeians,  
       and the Nemeian Lion  
 whom Hera, the queenly wife of Zeus,  
       trained up and settled  
 among the hills of Nemeia,  
       to be a plague to mankind.  
 330 There he preyed upon the tribes  
       of the indwelling people,  
 and was as a King over Tretos  
       and Apesas and Nemeia.  
 Nevertheless, the force of strong Herakles  
       subdued him.

Keto, joined in love with Phorkys,  
 mothered the youngest  
 of the deadly snakes, that one who  
 at the gloomy great hidden

335 limits of the Earth guards  
 the all-golden apples.

This snake is of the generation  
 of Keto and Phorkys.

Tethys bore to Okeanos the swirling Rivers,  
 Neilos the Nile, Alpheios,  
 and deep-eddying Eridanos,  
 Strymon and Maiandros, Istros  
 of the beautiful waters,

340 Phasis and Rhesos  
 and silver-swirling Acheloios,  
 Nessos and Rhodios, Heptaporos  
 and Haliakmon,  
 Grenikos and Aisepos, and Simoeis,  
 who is godlike,

Hermos and Peneios,  
 and Kaïkos strongly flowing,  
 and great Sangarios, and Ladon,  
 and Parthenios,

345 Euenos and Ardeskos, and Skamandros,  
 who is holy.

She brought forth also a race apart  
 of daughters, who with  
 Lord Apollo and the Rivers have the young  
 in their keeping  
 all over the earth, since this right  
 from Zeus is given them.

They are Peitho, Admete, Ianthé and Elektra,

350 Doris and Prymno and Ourania like a goddess,

Hippo and Klymene, Rhodeia and Kallirhoë,  
 Zeuxo and Klytia, and Idyia and Pasithoë,  
 Plexaura and Galaxaura and lovely Dione,  
 Melobosis and Thoë, and Polydora the shapely,  
 355 Kerkeïs of the lovely stature,  
     and ox-eyed Plouto,  
 Xanthe and Akaste, Perseïs and Ianeira,  
 Petraïë the lovely, and Menestho, and Europa,  
 Metis and Eurynome, Telesto robed in saffron,  
 Chryseïs, and Asia, and alluring Kalypso,  
 360 Eudora and Tyche, and Amphiro and Okyroë,  
 and Styx, who among them all  
     has the greatest eminence.  
 Now these are the eldest of the daughters  
     who were born to Tethys  
 and Okeanos, but there are many others  
     beside these,  
 for there are three thousand  
     light-stepping daughters of the Ocean  
 365 scattered far and wide, bright children  
     among the goddesses, and all  
 alike look after the earth  
     and the depths of the standing water;  
 and as many again are the rest of the Rivers,  
     murmurously running,  
 sons of Okeanos and the lady Tethys  
     was their mother,  
 and it would be hard for a mortal man  
     to tell the names  
 370 of all of them; but each is known  
     by those who live by him.  
     Theia brought forth great Helios  
     and shining Selene



the Sun and Moon, and Eos the Dawn,  
 who lights all earthly  
 creatures, and the immortal gods  
 who hold the wide heaven.

These she brought forth, being subdued  
 in love to Hyperion.

375 Eurybia, shining among the goddesses,  
 was joined in love  
 with Krios, and brought forth  
 the great Astraïos and Pallas  
 and Perses, who shines among all  
 for his intelligence.

Eos, a goddess couched in love with a god,  
 brought forth  
 to Astraïos the strong-spirited winds,  
 Zephyros

380 the brightener, Boreas of the headlong track,  
 and Notos.

After these she, Erigeneia,  
 bore Eosphoros, the dawnstar,  
 and all those other shining stars  
 that are wreathed in the heaven.

And Styx, daughter of Okeanos,  
 lying in love with Pallas,  
 bore in their halls Rivalry  
 and sweet-stepping Victory,

385 and also Power and Force,  
 who are her conspicuous children,  
 and these have no home that is not the home  
 of Zeus, no resting  
 place nor road, except where that god  
 has guided them,

but always they are housed by Zeus  
of the heavy thunder.

For this was the will of Styx,  
that Okeanid never-perishing,

390 on the day when the Olympian flinger  
of the lightning

summoned all the immortal gods  
to tall Olympos

and said that any god who fought on his side  
with the Titans

should never be beaten out of his privilege,  
but each should maintain

the position he had had before  
among the immortals; he said, too,

395 that the god who under Kronos  
had gone without position or privilege  
should under him be raised to these,  
according to justice.

And Styx the imperishable was first  
to come to Olympos

bringing her children, as her own father  
had advised her.

Zeus gave her position,  
and gave her great gifts further,

400 for he established her to be the oath  
of the immortals,

and that her children all their days  
should live in his household.

And so, as he had promised, in every way  
he fulfilled it

throughout. But he himself keeps  
the great power, and is master.

Now, Phoibe in turn went into the bed  
 of love with Koios,  
 405 a goddess with a god, and there  
 through his love she conceived  
 and bore Leto of the dark robe,  
 a sweet goddess always,  
 kind to mortal men  
 and to the immortal divinities,  
 sweet from the beginning,  
 the gentlest of all who are on Olympos.  
 She bore also renowned Asteria, whom on a day  
 410 Perses led home to his great house,  
 to be called his true wife,  
 and she conceiving bore Hekate, whom Zeus,  
 son of Kronos,  
 honored above all others,  
 for he gave her gifts that were glorious,  
 to have a part of the earth as hers,  
 and a part of the barren  
 sea, and she, with a place also  
 in the starry heaven,  
 415 is thus exalted exceedingly  
 even among the immortals.  
 For even now, whenever any one  
 of mortal men makes  
 a handsome sacrifice in propitiation,  
 according to usage,  
 he invokes Hekate, and recompense abundant  
 and lightly granted  
 befalls that man whose prayers  
 the goddess receives with favor,  
 420 and she grants him good success,  
 for hers is the power to do this.

For among the children who were born  
 to Ouranos and Gaia  
 and had station allotted,  
 among all these she has a certain office.  
 Nor did the son of Kronos use violence  
 toward her nor deprive her  
 of the rights she had among Titan gods  
 of the older generation  
 425 but she holds her apportioned share  
 as formerly from the beginning,  
 427 nor, because she is an only child,  
 does the goddess have the less honor,  
 426 and a privileged place in the earth,  
 and in the sky, and the sea also;  
 but as much as others and far more,  
 seeing that Zeus honors her.  
 She greatly assists and advantages any man,  
 as she pleases, and in  
 430 the assembly of the people a man shines  
 when she wishes it,  
 and when men put on their armor  
 to go to battle, where men  
 are wasted, the goddess  
 is present there also, to give out  
 the victory and the glory  
 to whichever side she wishes.  
 And she sits beside solemn kings when they give  
 their judgment.  
 435 She is great, too,  
 where men contend in athletics,  
 and there the goddess stands by those  
 whom she will, and assists them,

and one who, by his force and strength,  
 has won a fine prize,  
 lightly and gladly carries it home,  
 and brings glory to his parents.  
 She is great also in standing by the riders  
 as she wishes,

440 and those who on the gray-green,  
 the hard-wracking sea, make a living,  
 and they pray to Hekate  
 and to the deep-thunderous Earthshaker,  
 and lightly the high goddess  
 grants a great haul of fish, and lightly  
 too she takes it away when it has shown,  
 if such is her pleasure.

She is great in the farms also  
 to help Hermes swell the produce,  
 445 and the driven herds of cattle  
 and the wide-ranging goat flocks  
 and the flocks of deep-fleeced sheep,  
 all these also at her own pleasure  
 she weightens to many out of few,  
 or makes few out of many.  
 Thus, though she is only the single child  
 of her mother

she is honored with high offices  
 among all the immortals.  
 450 Zeus son of Kronos made her, too,  
 protector of those children  
 who after her laid eyes on the Dawn,  
 the many-light-beaming;  
 so she, from the beginning,  
 has protected children, and these are her offices.



Rheia, submissive in love to Kronos,  
 bore glorious children,  
 Histia and Demeter,  
 Hera of the golden sandals,  
 455 and strong Hades, who under the ground  
 lives in his palace  
 and has a heart without pity;  
 the deep-thunderous Earthshaker,  
 and Zeus of the counsels,  
 who is the father of gods and of mortals,  
 and underneath whose thunder  
 the whole wide earth shudders;  
 but, as each of these children  
 came from the womb of its mother  
 460 to her knees, great Kronos swallowed it down,  
 with the intention  
 that no other of the proud children  
 of the line of Ouranos  
 should ever hold the king's position  
 among the immortals.  
 For he had heard, from Gaia  
 and from starry Ouranos,  
 that it had been ordained for him,  
 for all his great strength,  
 465 to be beaten by his son,  
 and through the designs of great Zeus.  
 Therefore he kept watch, and did not sleep,  
 but waited  
 for his children, and swallowed them,  
 and Rheia's sorrow was beyond forgetting.  
 But when she was about to bear Zeus,  
 the father of mortals

and gods, then Rheia went  
 and entreated her own dear parents,  
 470 and these were Gaia and starry Ouranos,  
 to think of some plan  
 by which, when she gave birth to her dear son,  
 the thing might not  
 be known, and the fury of revenge  
 be on devious-devising Kronos  
 the great, for his father,  
 and his own children whom he had swallowed.  
 They listened gladly  
 to their beloved daughter, and consented,  
 475 and explained to her  
 all that had been appointed to happen  
 concerning Kronos, who was King, and his son,  
 of the powerful  
 spirit, and sent her to Lyktos,  
 in the fertile countryside of Crete  
 at that time when she was to bring forth  
 the youngest of her children,  
 great Zeus; and the Earth, gigantic Gaia,  
 took him inside her  
 480 in wide Crete, there to keep him alive  
 and raise him.  
 There Earth arrived  
 through the running black night, carrying  
 him, and came first to Lyktos,  
 and holding him in her arms, hid him  
 in a cave in a cliff, deep in  
 under the secret places  
 of earth, in Mount Aigaion  
 which is covered with forest.

485 She wrapped a great stone in baby-clothes,  
 and this she presented  
 to the high lord, son of Ouranos,  
 who once ruled the immortals,  
 and he took it then in his hands  
 and crammed it down in his belly,  
 hard wretch, nor saw in his own mind  
 how there had been left him  
 instead of the stone a son,  
 invincible and unshakable  
 490 for the days to come, who soon by force  
 and his hands defeating him  
 must drive him from his title,  
 and then be lord over the immortals.  
 And presently after this the shining limbs  
 and the power  
 of the lord, Zeus, grew great,  
 and with the years circling on  
 great Kronos, the devious-devising,  
 fooled by the resourceful  
 495 promptings of Gaia, once again  
 brought up his progeny.  
 First he vomited up the stone,  
 which last he had swallowed,  
 and this Zeus took and planted in place,  
 on earth of the wide ways,  
 at holy Pytho, in the hollow ravines  
 under Parnassos,  
 500 to be a portent and a wonder  
 to mortal men thereafter.  
 Then he set free from their dismal bonds  
 the brothers of his father,

the sons of Ouranos, whom his father  
 in his wild temper had enchained,  
 and they remembered, and knew gratitude  
 for the good he had done them,  
 and they gave him the thunder,  
 and the smoky bolt, and the flash  
 505 of the lightning, which Gaia the gigantic  
 had hidden till then.  
 With these to support him, he is lord  
 over immortals and mortals.

Iapetos took Klymene,  
 the light-stepping daughter of Ocean,  
 to be his wife, and mounted into the same bed  
 with her,  
 510 and she bore him a son, Atlas,  
 of the powerful spirit,  
 and she bore him high-vaunting Menoitios,  
 and Prometheus  
 of the intricate and twisting mind,  
 and Epimetheus  
 the gullible, who from the beginning  
 brought bad luck to men  
 who eat bread, for he first accepted  
 from Zeus the girl Zeus fashioned  
 and married her.

Menoitios was mutinous,  
 and Zeus of the wide brows  
 515 struck him with the blazing thunderbolt  
 and dropped him to Erebos  
 because of his too-great hardihood  
 and outrageous action.

But Atlas, under strong constraint,  
 at earth's uttermost  
 places, near the sweet-singing Hesperides,  
 standing upright  
 props the wide sky upon his head  
 and his hands never wearied,  
 520 for this was the doom  
 which Zeus of the counsels dealt out to him.  
 And in ineluctable, painful bonds  
 he fastened Prometheus  
 of the subtle mind, for he drove a stanchion  
 through his middle. Also  
 he let loose on him the wing-spread eagle,  
 and it was feeding  
 on his imperishable liver, which by night  
 would grow back  
 525 to size from what the spread-winged bird  
 had eaten in the daytime.  
 But Herakles, the powerful son  
 of lightfooted Alkmene,  
 killed the eagle  
 and drove that pestilential affliction  
 from Iapetos' son, and set him free  
 from all his unhappiness,  
 not without the will of high-minded Zeus  
 of Olympos  
 530 in order that the reputation  
 of Thebes-born Herakles  
 might be greater even than it had been  
 on the earth that feeds many.  
 With such thoughts in mind he honored his son  
 and made him glorious,



and angry as he had been before,  
 he gave up his anger;  
 for Prometheus once had matched wits  
 against the great son of Kronos.

535 It was when gods, and mortal men,  
 took their separate positions  
 at Mekone, and Prometheus,  
 eager to try his wits, cut up  
 a great ox, and set it before Zeus,  
 to see if he could outguess him.

He took the meaty parts and the inwards  
 thick with fat, and set them  
 before men, hiding them away  
 in an ox's stomach,

540 but the white bones of the ox he arranged,  
 with careful deception,  
 inside a concealing fold of white fat,  
 and set it before Zeus.

At last the father of gods  
 and men spoke to him, saying:  
 "Son of Iapetos, conspicuous among all Kings,  
 old friend, oh how prejudicially  
 you divided the portions."

545 So Zeus, who knows imperishable counsels,  
 spoke in displeasure,  
 but Prometheus the devious-deviser,  
 lightly smiling,  
 answered him again, quite well aware  
 of his artful deception:  
 "Zeus most high, most honored  
 among the gods everlasting,  
 choose whichever of these the heart within  
 would have you."

550 He spoke, with intent to deceive, and Zeus,  
       who knows imperishable  
 counsels, saw it, the trick  
       did not escape him, he imagined  
 evils for mortal men in his mind,  
       and meant to fulfil them.  
 In both his hands he took up the portion  
       of the white fat. Anger  
 rose up about his heart  
       and the spite mounted in his spirit  
 555 when he saw the white bones of the ox  
       in deceptive arrangement.

Ever since that time the races of mortal men  
       on earth have burned  
 the white bones to the immortals  
       on the smoky altars.

Then Zeus the cloud-gatherer  
       in great vexation said to him:  
 "Son of Iapetos, versed in planning  
       beyond all others,  
 560 old friend, so after all you did not forget  
       your treachery."  
       So Zeus, who knows imperishable counsels,  
       spoke in his anger,  
 and ever remembering this deception  
       thereafter, he would not  
 give the force of weariless fire  
       to the ash-tree people,  
 not to people who inhabit the earth  
       and are mortal,

- 565 no, but the strong son of Iapetos  
       outwitted him  
 and stole the far-seen glory  
       of weariless fire, hiding it  
 in the hollow fennel stalk;  
       this bit deep into the feeling  
 of Zeus who thunders on high,  
       and it galled the heart inside him  
 when he saw the far-seen glory of fire  
       among mortal people,  
 570 and next, for the price of the fire,  
       he made an evil thing for mankind.  
 For the renowned smith of the strong arms  
       took earth, and molded it,  
 through Zeus's plans, into the likeness  
       of a modest young girl,  
 and the goddess gray-eyed Athene  
       dressed her and decked her  
 in silverish clothing, and over her head  
       she held, with her hands,  
 575 an intricately wrought veil in place,  
       a wonder to look at,  
 and over this on her head  
       she placed a wreath of gold, one  
 that the very renowned smith  
       of the strong arms had fashioned  
 580 working it out with his hands,  
       as a favor to Zeus the father.  
 On this had been done much intricate work,  
       a wonder to look at:  
 wild animals, such as the mainland  
       and the sea also produce

in numbers, and he put many on,  
 the imitations of living  
 things, that have voices, wonderful,  
 and it flashed in its beauty.

585 But when, to replace good,  
 he had made this beautiful evil  
 thing, he led her out  
 where the rest of the gods and mortals  
 were, in the pride and glory  
 that the gray-eyed daughter of a great  
 father had given; wonder  
 seized both immortals and mortals  
 as they gazed on this sheer deception,  
 more than mortals can deal with.

590 For from her originates the breed  
 of female women,  
 and they live with mortal men,  
 and are a great sorrow to them,  
 and hateful poverty they will not share,  
 but only luxury.

As when, inside the overarching hives,  
 the honeybees  
 595 feed their drones (and these are accomplished  
 in doing no good,  
 while the bees, all day long  
 until the sun goes down  
 do their daily hard work  
 and set the white combs in order,  
 and the drones, spending their time  
 inside the hollow skeps,  
 garner the hard work of others  
 into their own bellies),

600 so Zeus of the high thunder established women,  
     for mortal  
 men an evil thing,  
     and they are accomplished in bringing  
 hard labors.

    And Zeus made, in place  
     of the good, yet another evil.  
 For whoever, escaping marriage  
     and the sorrowful things women do,  
 is unwilling to marry, must come then  
     to a mournful old age  
 605 bereft of one to look after it,  
     and in need of livelihood  
 lives on, and when he dies  
     the widow-inheritors divide up  
 what he has. While if the way of marriage  
     befalls one  
 and he gets himself a good wife,  
     one with ways suited to him,  
 even so through his lifetime the evil remains,  
     balancing  
 610 the good, and he whose luck  
     is to have cantankerous children  
 lives keeping inside him discomfort  
     which will not leave him  
 in heart and mind; and for this evil  
     there is no healing.

    So it is not possible to hide  
     from the mind of Zeus, nor escape it;  
 for not even the son of Iapetos,  
     the gentle Prometheus,  
 615 was able to elude that heavy anger,  
     but, for all his



numerous shifts, force  
and the mighty chain confine him.

Now, when Ouranos their father  
was bitter at heart against Obriareos  
and Kottos and Gyes (because he was so struck  
by their towering  
vigor, and their stature and beauty),  
therefore he bound them

620 in strong bonds, and settled them  
under the wide-wayed earth. There  
dwellers under the ground  
and with a life full of agony  
they lived at the uttermost end,  
at the edges of the great earth,  
with a long spell of grieving,  
and at their hearts a great sorrow;

but Zeus son of Kronos,  
and the other immortal divinities

625 whom Rheia of the fair tresses  
had born in love to Kronos,  
brought them back to the light  
again at the instigation of Gaia.

For Gaia had told the gods the whole truth,  
from the beginning,  
that with these Three victory would be won,  
and glorious honor.

For a long time now, the Titan gods  
and those who were descended  
630 from Kronos had fought each other,  
with hard heart-hurting struggles,  
ranged in opposition  
all through the hard encounters:

one side, the haughty Titans,  
 fought from towering Othrys,  
 but they of the other side, the gods,  
 the givers of good things,  
 whom Rheia bore in love to Kronos,  
 these fought from Olympos.

635 These then, with heart-hurting rancor  
 against each other, fought  
 for ten full years, continually,  
 nor was there any  
 release from the hardship of hostility,  
 nor any end to it  
 for either side, and the balance  
 of the fighting was even. But after  
 Zeus had given the Three Gods all they wished  
 and needed,

640 ambrosia and nectar, which the very gods  
 themselves feed on,  
 then the bold spirit rose up again  
 in the hearts of all three,  
 when they had eaten of the nectar  
 and delightful ambrosia.

Then to these three spoke the father of gods  
 and of mortals:

"Hear me, O shining children  
 of Ouranos and Gaia

645 while I speak out what the heart  
 in my breast commands me.  
 All our days, the Titan gods and we,  
 who were born  
 of Kronos, have been fighting  
 a long time now, in opposed

battle, for the sake of victory and power.

Now, therefore,

show yourselves against the Titans

in the grim encounter,

650 and show the greatness of your strength,

your hands irresistible;

remember the love we gave you, the kindness,

how you had been treated

before you came back into the light

out of cruel bondage,

and out from under the gloom and the mist,

all through our contriving."

So he spoke, and in turn unfaulted Kottos  
answered him:

655 "What need to speak, what you say

is not unknown. We ourselves

know it, your counsels and perception

are beyond all others,

that you are the immortals' defender

against stark ruin.

For it is only by your forethought

we ever came back up

again from the gloom and the mist

and from that merciless bondage,

660 through you, O lord, son of Kronos,

when we suffered what we never had looked for.

Therefore now, with stubborn spirit

and resolute purpose

we shall be defenders of your power

in the grim encounter

and fight against the Titans

in the strong shock of battle."

So he spoke, and the gods,  
 the givers of blessings, assented  
 665 as they heard what he said,  
 and the spirit in them was insistent on battle  
 more even than it had been,  
 and they launched an unwelcome onset  
 all, the female and the male gods alike,  
 on that day,  
 and the Titan gods, and those  
 of the generation of Kronos,  
 and those whom Zeus had upraised  
 from under the earth and Erebos  
 670 back to the light, fierce gods and mighty,  
 with strength overmastering.  
 Each and all alike had a hundred strong arms  
 bursting  
 out of his shoulders, and on the shoulders  
 of each grew fifty  
 heads above their massive bodies,  
 and now at this time  
 these stood forth against the Titans  
 in bitter combat  
 675 wielding in their ponderous hands  
 steep cliffside boulders,  
 while on the opposite side the Titans  
 stiffened their battalions  
 in eager courage, and the work of force  
 and hands was conspicuous  
 on either side, and the infinite great sea  
 moaned terribly  
 and the earth crashed aloud,  
 and the wide sky resounded

680 as it was shaken, and tall Olympus rocked  
 on its bases  
 in the fan of the wind of the immortals,  
 and a strong shudder drove deep  
 into gloomy Tartaros under the suddenness  
 of the footrush  
 and the quenchless crashing of their feet  
 and their powerful missiles.

So either against either they threw  
 their re-echoing weapons  
 685 and the noise of either side outcrying  
 went up to the starry  
 heaven as with great war crying  
 they drove at each other.

Now Zeus no longer held in his strength,  
 but here his heart filled  
 deep with fury, and now he showed  
 his violence entire  
 and indiscriminately. Out of the sky  
 and off Olympus

690 he moved flashing his fires incessantly,  
 and the thunderbolts,  
 the crashing of them and the blaze  
 together came flying, one after  
 another, from his ponderous hand,  
 and spinning whirls of inhuman  
 flame, and with it the earth,  
 the giver of life, cried out  
 aloud as she burned, and the vast forests  
 in the fire screamed.

695 All earth was boiling with it,  
 and the courses of the Ocean



and the barren sea, and the steam  
 and the heat of it was engulfing  
 the Titans of the earth, while the flames  
 went up to the bright sky  
 unquenchably, and the blaze  
 and the glare of thunder and lightning  
 blinded the eyes of the Titan gods,  
 for all they were mighty.

700 The wonderful conflagration crushed Chaos,  
 and to the eyes' seeing  
 and ears' hearing the clamor of it,  
 it absolutely  
 would have seemed as if Earth  
 and the wide Heaven above her  
 had collided, for such would have been  
 the crash arising  
 as Earth wrecked and the sky came piling down  
 on top of her,

705 so vast was the crash heard  
 as the gods collided in battle.  
 The winds brought on with their roaring  
 a quake of the earth and dust storm,  
 with thunder and with lightning,  
 and the blazing thunderbolt,  
 the weapons thrown by great Zeus,  
 and they carried the clamor  
 and outcry between the hosts opposed,  
 and a horrible tumult

710 of grisly battle uprose,  
 and both sides showed power in the fighting.  
 Then the battle turned; before that,  
 both sides attacking

in the fury of their rage fought on  
through the strong encounters.

But now the Three, Kottos and Briareos  
and Gyes,  
insatiate of battle, stirred  
the grim fighting in the foremost,  
715 for from their powerful hands they volleyed  
three hundred boulders  
one after another, and their missile flights  
overwhelmed the Titans  
in darkness, and these they drove  
underneath the wide-wayed  
earth, and fastened them there  
in painful bondage, for now they  
had beaten the Titan gods with their hands,  
for all their high hearts.

720 They drove them as far underground  
as earth is distant from heaven.  
Such is the distance from earth's surface  
to gloomy Tartaros.  
For a brazen anvil dropping out of the sky  
would take nine  
nights, and nine days, and land on earth  
on the tenth day,  
and a brazen anvil dropping off the earth  
would take nine  
725 nights, and nine days, and land in Tartaros  
on the tenth day.

A wall of bronze is driven around it,  
and night is drifted  
about its throat in a triple circlet,  
while upward from it

there grow and branch the roots of the earth,  
and of the barren sea.

There the Titan gods live buried  
under the darkness

730 and the mists, and this is by the decree  
of Zeus the cloud-gatherer,  
in a moldy place, at the uttermost edges  
of monstrous

earth. There is no way out for them;

Poseidon has fitted

brazen doors, and the walls run around  
enclosing everything.

And there Gyes, Kottos,

and great-hearted Briareos

735 are settled as faithful sentinels  
for Zeus of the aegis.

And there, for the gloomy earth,

and for Tartaros of the mists,

and for the barren great sea

and the starry heaven,

for all these, the springs

and the sources stand there, all in order;

an unpleasant, moldy place,

and even the gods loathe it;

740 it is a great chasm, and once

one were inside the gates of it

within a whole year's completion

he would not come to the bottom,

but stormblast on cruel stormblast

would sweep him one way

and another; this is a monstrous place,

and even the immortals

fear it. And here stand the terrible houses  
 of dark Night,  
 745 and the buildings are sheathed in the dark  
 of the clouds. Before them  
 Atlas, son of Iapetos, stands  
 staunchly upholding  
 the wide heaven upon his head  
 and with arms unwearying  
 sustains it, there where Night and Day  
 come close to each other  
 and speak a word of greeting  
 and cross on the great threshold  
 750 of bronze, for the one is coming back in  
 and the other is going  
 outdoors, and the house never at once  
 contains both of them,  
 but at every time, while one of them  
 is out of the house, faring  
 over the length of the earth,  
 the other remaining indoors  
 waits for the time of her own journey,  
 when the other one comes back;  
 755 the one carries for people on earth Light  
 the far-flashing,  
 while the other one carries Sleep  
 in her arms, and he is Death's brother,  
 and she is Night, the destructive,  
 veiled in a cloud of vapor.  
 And there the children of Night  
 the gloomy have their houses.  
 These are Sleep and Death, dread divinities.  
 Never upon them

760 does Helios, the shining sun,  
 cast the light of his eye-beams,  
 neither when he goes up the sky  
 nor comes down from it.

One of these, across the earth  
 and the wide sea-ridges,  
 goes his way quietly back and forth,  
 and is kind to mortals,  
 but the heart of the other one is iron,  
 and brazen feelings

765 without pity are inside his breast.  
 When he takes hold of anyone  
 he keeps him; and even the immortal gods  
 hate this one.

And there, at the front, stand  
 the resounding halls of the Earth gods,  
 of Hades the powerful,  
 and of august Persephone,  
 there they stand, and before them  
 a dreaded hound, on watch,

770 who has no pity, but a vile stratagem:  
 as people go in  
 he fawns on all, with actions of his tail  
 and both ears,  
 but he will not let them go back out,  
 but lies in wait for them  
 and eats them up, when he catches any  
 going back through the gates.

775 And there is housed a goddess  
 loathed even by the immortals:  
 dreaded Styx, eldest daughter of Ocean,  
 who flows back



on himself, and apart from the gods  
 she lives in her famous palace  
 which is overroofed with towering rocks,  
 and the whole circuit  
 is undergirded with silver columns,  
 and pushes heaven;  
 780 and seldom does the daughter of Thaumas,  
 fleet-footed Iris,  
 come her way with a message  
 across the sea's wide ridges,  
 those times when dispute and quarreling  
 start among the immortals,  
 and some one of those who have their homes  
 on Olympus is lying,  
 and Zeus sends Iris  
 to carry the many-storied water  
 785 that the gods swear their great oath on,  
 thence, in a golden pitcher,  
 that cold water that drizzles down  
 from a steep sky-climbing  
 cliffside, and it is one horn  
 of the Ocean stream, and travels  
 off that holy river a great course  
 through night's blackness  
 under the wide-wayed earth,  
 and this water is a tenth part  
 790 of all, for in nine loops  
 of silver-swirling waters, around  
 the earth and the sea's wide ridges  
 he tumbles into salt water,  
 but this stream, greatly vexing the gods,  
 runs off the precipice.

And whoever of the gods,  
     who keep the summits of snowy  
 Olympos, pours of this water,  
     and swears on it, and is forsworn,  
 795 is laid flat, and does not breathe,  
     until a year is completed;  
 nor is this god let come near ambrosia  
     and nectar  
 to eat, but with no voice in him,  
     and no breath, he is laid out  
 flat, on a made bed, and the evil coma  
     covers him.  
 But when, in the course of a great year,  
     he is over his sickness,  
 800 there follows on in succession another trial,  
     yet harsher:  
 for nine years he is cut off  
     from all part of the everlasting  
 gods, nor has anything to do  
     with their counsels, their festivals  
 for nine years entire, but in the tenth  
     he once more mingles  
 in the assemblies of the gods  
     who have their homes on Olympos.  
 805 Such an oath did the gods make  
     of the imperishable, primeval  
 water of Styx; and it jets down  
     through jagged country.  
     And there, for the gloomy earth,  
     and for Tartaros of the mists,  
 and for the barren great sea  
     and the starry heaven,

for all these the springs and sources  
 stand there, all in order;  
 810 an unpleasant, moldy place,  
 and even the gods loathe it.  
 And there are the marmoreal gates,  
 and the brazen threshold  
 self-ongrown, unshakable,  
 and gripped on to branching  
 roots, and in front of it,  
 and apart from all the immortals,  
 are settled the Titans, the other side  
 of gloomy Chaos;  
 815 only the glorious helpers of Zeus,  
 the loud-crashing,  
 are settled in houses along the foundations  
 of the Ocean:  
 Kottos and Gyes, that is;  
 but of strong-grown Briareos  
 the deep-stroking shaker of the Earth,  
 Poseidon, made  
 a son-in-law, and married him to Kymopoleia,  
 his daughter.

820 Now after Zeus had driven the Titans  
 out of heaven,  
 gigantic Gaia, in love with Tartaros,  
 by means of golden  
 Aphrodite, bore the youngest of her children,  
 Typhoeus;  
 the hands and arms of him are mighty,  
 and have work in them,  
 and the feet of the powerful god  
 were tireless, and up from his shoulders

- 825 there grew a hundred snake heads,  
     those of a dreaded dragon,  
 and the heads licked with dark tongues,  
     and from the eyes on  
 the inhuman heads fire glittered  
     from under the eyelids:  
 from all his heads fire flared  
     from his eyes' glancing;  
 and inside each one of these horrible heads  
     there were voices  
 830 that threw out every sort of horrible sound,  
     for sometimes  
 it was speech such as the gods  
     could understand, but at other  
 times, the sound of a bellowing bull,  
     proud-eyed and furious  
 beyond holding, or again like a lion  
     shameless in cruelty,  
 or again it was like the barking of dogs,  
     a wonder to listen to,  
 835 or again he would whistle  
     so the tall mountains re-echoed to it.  
 And now that day there would have been done  
     a thing past mending,  
 and he, Typhoeus, would have been master  
     of gods and of mortals,  
 had not the father of gods and men  
     been sharp to perceive it  
 and gave a hard, heavy clap of thunder,  
     so that the earth  
 840 gave grisly reverberation,  
     and the wide heaven above, and

the sea, and the streams of Ocean,  
 and the underground chambers.  
 And great Olympos was shaken  
 under the immortal feet  
 of the master as he moved,  
 and the earth groaned beneath him,  
 and the heat and blaze from both of them  
 was on the dark-faced sea,  
 845 from the thunder and lightning of Zeus  
 and from the flame of the monster,  
 from his blazing bolts and from the scorch  
 and breath of his stormwinds,  
 and all the ground and the sky  
 and the sea boiled, and towering  
 waves were tossing and beating all up  
 and down the promontories  
 in the wind of these immortals,  
 and a great shaking of the earth  
 850 came on, and Hades, lord over  
 the perished dead, trembled,  
 and the Titans under Tartaros,  
 who live beside Kronos,  
 trembled to the dread encounter  
 and the unending clamor.  
 But now, when Zeus had headed up  
 his own strength, seizing  
 his weapons, thunder, lightning,  
 and the glowering thunderbolt,  
 855 he made a leap from Olympos, and struck,  
 setting fire  
 to all those wonderful heads set about  
 on the dreaded monster.



Then, when Zeus had put him down  
 with his strokes, Typhoeus  
 crashed, crippled, and the gigantic earth  
 groaned beneath him,  
 and the flame from the great lord  
 so thunder-smitten ran out

860 along the darkening and steep forests  
 of the mountains

as he was struck, and a great part  
 of the gigantic earth burned  
 in the wonderful wind of his heat,  
 and melted, as tin melts

in the heat of the carefully grooved crucible  
 when craftsmen

work it, or as iron, though that is  
 the strongest substance,

865 melts under stress of blazing fire  
 in the mountain forests

worked by handicraft of Hephaistos  
 inside the divine earth.

So earth melted in the flash  
 of the blazing fire; but Zeus

in tumult of anger cast Typhoeus  
 into broad Tartaros.

And from Typhoeus comes the force of winds  
 blowing wetly:

870 all but Notos, Boreas, and clearing Zephyros,  
 for their generation is of the gods,

they are a great blessing  
 to men, but the rest of them blow wildly

across the water  
 and burst upon the misty face

of the open sea, bringing

heavy distress to mortal men,  
 and rage in malignant  
 875 storm, and blow from veering directions,  
 and scatter the shipping  
 and drown the sailors,  
 and there is no remedy against this evil  
 for men who run into such winds  
 as these on the open water.  
 And then again, across the limitless  
 and flowering  
 earth, they ruin the beloved works  
 of ground-dwelling people  
 880 by overwhelming them with dust  
 and hard tornadoes.

Now when the immortal gods had finished  
 their work of fighting,  
 they forced the Titans to share with them  
 their titles and privilege.  
 Then, by the advice of Gaia,  
 they promoted Zeus, the Olympian  
 of the wide brows, to be King  
 and to rule over the immortals  
 885 and he distributed among them their titles  
 and privilege.

Zeus, as King of the gods,  
 took as his first wife Metis,  
 and she knew more than all the gods  
 or mortal people.  
 But when she was about to be delivered  
 of the goddess, gray-eyed

Athene, then Zeus, deceiving her perception  
by treachery

890 and by slippery speeches,  
put her away inside his own belly.

This was by the advices of Gaia,  
and starry Ouranos,  
for so they counseled,

in order that no other everlasting  
god, beside Zeus, should ever be given  
the kingly position.

For it had been arranged that, from her,  
children surpassing in wisdom

895 should be born, first the gray-eyed girl,  
the Tritogeneia

Athene; and she is the equal of her father  
in wise counsel

and strength; but then a son to be King  
over gods and mortals

was to be born of her, and his heart  
would be overmastering:

but before this, Zeus put her away  
inside his own belly

900 so that this goddess should think for him,  
for good and for evil.

Next Zeus took to himself Themis,  
the shining, who bore him the Seasons,

Lawfulness, and Justice,

and prospering Peacetime: these  
are concerned to oversee the actions

of mortal people;  
and the Fates, to whom Zeus of the counsels  
gave the highest position:

- 905 they are Klotho, Lachesis, and Atropos:  
     they distribute  
 to mortal people what people have,  
     for good and for evil.  
     Eurynome, daughter of Okeanos,  
     lovely in appearance,  
 bore to Zeus the three Graces  
     with fair cheeks; these are  
 Aglaia and Euphrosyne and lovely Thalia,  
 910 and from the glancing of their lidded eyes  
     bewildering  
 love distills; there is beauty  
     in their glance, from beneath brows.  
     Zeus entered also into the bed  
     of fruitful Demeter,  
 who bore him Persephone of the white arms,  
     she that Aïdoneus  
 ravished away from her mother,  
     and Zeus of the counsels granted it.  
 915     Then again, he loved Mnemosyne,  
     of the splendid tresses,  
 from whom were born to him the Muses  
     with veils of gold, the Nine  
 whose pleasure is all delightfulness,  
     and the sweetness of singing.  
     Leto, who had lain in the arms of Zeus  
     of the aegis,  
 bore Apollo, and Artemis  
     of the showering arrows,  
 920 children more delightful than all  
     the other Ouranians.  
     Last of all, Zeus took Hera  
     to be his fresh consort,

and she, lying in the arms  
 of the father of gods and mortals,  
 conceived and bore Hebe to him, and Ares,  
 and Eileithyia.

Then from his head, by himself,  
 he produced Athene of the gray eyes,  
 925 great goddess, weariless,  
 waker of battle noise, leader of armies,  
 a goddess queen who delights in war cries,  
 onslaughts, and battles,  
 while Hera, without any act of love,  
 brought forth glorious  
 Hephaistos, for she was angered  
 and quarreling with her husband;  
 and Hephaistos in arts and crafts  
 surpasses all the Ouranians.

[Now Hera was angered, and quarreled  
 with her husband, and because  
 of this quarrel she herself brought forth a glorious son  
 Hephaistos, without any act of love-making  
 with Zeus of the aegis;  
 but he, apart from Hera, had lain in love with a fair-faced  
 daughter of Okeanos and lovely-haired Tethys,  
 Metis, whom he deceived,  
 for all she was so resourceful,  
 for he snatched her up in his hands  
 and put her inside his belly  
 for fear that she might bring forth  
 a thunderbolt stronger than his own;  
 therefore the son of Kronos, who dwells high,  
 seated in the bright air,



swallowed her down of a sudden,  
 but she then conceived Pallas  
 Athene, but the father of gods  
 and men gave birth to her  
 near the summit of Triton  
 beside the banks of the river.  
 But Metis herself, hidden away  
 under the vitals of Zeus,  
 stayed there; she was Athene's mother;  
 worker of right actions,  
 beyond all the gods  
 and beyond all mortal people in knowledge;  
 and there Athene had given to her hands  
 what made her supreme  
 over all other immortals who have  
 their homes on Olympos;  
 for Metis made the armor of Athene,  
 terror of armies,  
 in which Athene was born  
 with her panoply of war upon her.]

930 From Amphitrite and Poseidon,  
 loud-thundering earth shaker,  
 was born great Triton, widely powerful,  
 he who, sustaining  
 the sea's basis, beside his dear mother  
 and the lord his father,  
 dwells in the golden house, a dreaded god.

Now Kythereia

to Ares, stabber of shields, bore Panic  
 and Terror, dreaded  
 935 gods, who batter the dense battalions  
 of men embattled

in horrible war, they with Ares,  
 sacker of cities. She also  
 bore him Harmonia, she whom high-spirited  
 Kadmos married.

Maia, daughter of Atlas,  
 mounted the sacred bed  
 of Zeus, and bore Hermes the good,  
 the herald of the immortals.

940 Semele, daughter of Kadmos,  
 lay in love with Zeus also  
 and bore him a glorious son, Dionysos,  
 giver of good things,  
 she mortal, he immortal,  
 but now both are gods together.  
 Alkmene, lying in love with Zeus  
 who gathers the clouds,  
 bore him powerful Herakles.

945 Hephaistos, of the high renown  
 and the strong arms, took  
 Aglaia, youngest of the Graces,  
 to be his fresh wife.

Dionysos, he of the golden hair,  
 took blonde Ariadne,  
 daughter of Minos, to be his blossoming wife,  
 and Kronian  
 Zeus caused her likewise to be immortal  
 and ageless.

950 Herakles, the strong and courageous son  
 of light-stepping  
 Alkmene, after he had completed  
 his sorrowful labors,  
 took the daughter of great Zeus  
 and Hera of the golden

sandals, Hebe, as his modest wife  
 on snowy Olympos,  
 blessed he, who having ended his long work,  
 lives now  
 955 among the immortals, without sorrow,  
 ageless all his days always.  
 To Helios, the unwearied Sun,  
 the glorious daughter  
 of Okeanos, Perseis, bore Circe  
 and the King Aietes,  
 and Aietes, son of Helios  
 who pours his light on mortals,  
 married, by the counsels of the gods,  
 the fair-faced  
 960 daughter of Okeanos, the terminal river,  
 Idyia, who, subdued to him in love,  
 and through golden  
 Aphrodite, bore him Medeia of the slim ankles.

Farewell now, you who have your homes  
 on Olympos, farewell  
 to islands, mainland masses,  
 and the open sea that is between them.  
 965 But now, O sweet-spoken Muses of Olympos,  
 daughters  
 of Zeus of the aegis,  
 sing out now the names of those goddesses  
 who went to bed with mortal men and,  
 themselves immortal,  
 bore to these children in the likeness  
 of the immortals.  
 Demeter, shining among goddesses,  
 after the embraces

970 of the hero Iasion in the sweetness of love,  
 brought forth Ploutos  
 in a three-times-plowed field  
 there in the fertile countryside  
 of Crete, a good son, who walks over earth  
 and the sea's wide ridges  
 everywhere, and he who meets him  
 with the giving of hands between them  
 is made a prosperous man,  
 to whom great wealth is granted.

975 To Kadmos, Harmonia,  
 daughter of Aphrodite the golden,  
 bore Ino, and Semele, and Agauë of the fair face,  
 and Autonoë, who was taken to wife

by Aristaïos  
 of the deep hair, and Polydoros,  
 in high-crowned Thebes.

Kallirhoë, daughter of Okeanos,  
 lying in the embraces

980 of powerful-minded Chrysaör,  
 through Aphrodite the golden  
 bore him a son, most powerful  
 of all men mortal,

Geryones, whom Herakles  
 in his great strength killed  
 over his dragfoot cattle  
 in water-washed Erytheia.

To Tithonos, Eos the Dawn bore Memnon  
 of the brazen

985 helm, king of Ethiopians,  
 and the lord Emathion.

Then, embraced by Kephalos,  
 she engendered a son, glorious

Phaethon, the strong, a man in the likeness  
of the immortals;

and, while he still had the soft flower  
of the splendor of youth upon him,  
still thought the light thoughts of a child,  
Aphrodite, lover of laughter,

990 swooped down and caught him away  
and set him in her holy temple  
to be her nocturnal temple-keeper,  
a bright divinity.

Jason, the son of Aison, by counsel  
of the everlasting

gods, took Medeia, daughter of Aietes

King under god's hand,  
and led her from Aietes' house,  
having completed the many

995 painful trials that the great, proud king,  
Pelias, had imposed

upon him, for he was oppressive,  
hardhearted and heavy-handed,

but Jason did all, and came back to Iolkos,  
after much suffering,

and brought back with him on the fast ship  
the girl of the glancing

eyes, Medeia, and made her  
his blossoming wife, and she

1000 submitting in love to Jason,  
shepherd of the people, bore him

a son, Medeios, and Cheiron  
the son of Philyra fostered him

on the mountains, and so the purpose  
of mighty Zeus was accomplished.



But of the daughters of Nereus,  
 the old man of the sea, one,  
 Psamathe, shining among goddesses,  
 joined to Aiakos

1005 in love through golden Aphrodite,  
 bore him Phokos,  
 while Thetis, she of the silver feet,  
 submitting to Peleus  
 bore him Achilleus, the lion-hearted,  
 breaker of warriors.

Kythereia of the garlands joining  
 in love's delight  
 with the hero Anchises, bore him Aineias,  
 among the forests

1010 and many-folded valleys of the peaks of Ida.

Circe, daughter of Helios, who is the son  
 of Hyperion,  
 was joined in love  
 with hardy-minded Odysseus, and bore him  
 Agrios and Latinos,  
 a man faultless and powerful,  
 [and also, through golden Aphrodite,  
 bore him Telegonos],

1015 and these far, far away in the uttermost,  
 magical islands  
 were Kings over the Tyrsenians,  
 of glorious reputation.

Kalypso, shining among goddesses,  
 joining in love's  
 delight with Odysseus, bore him Nausithoös  
 and Nausinoös.

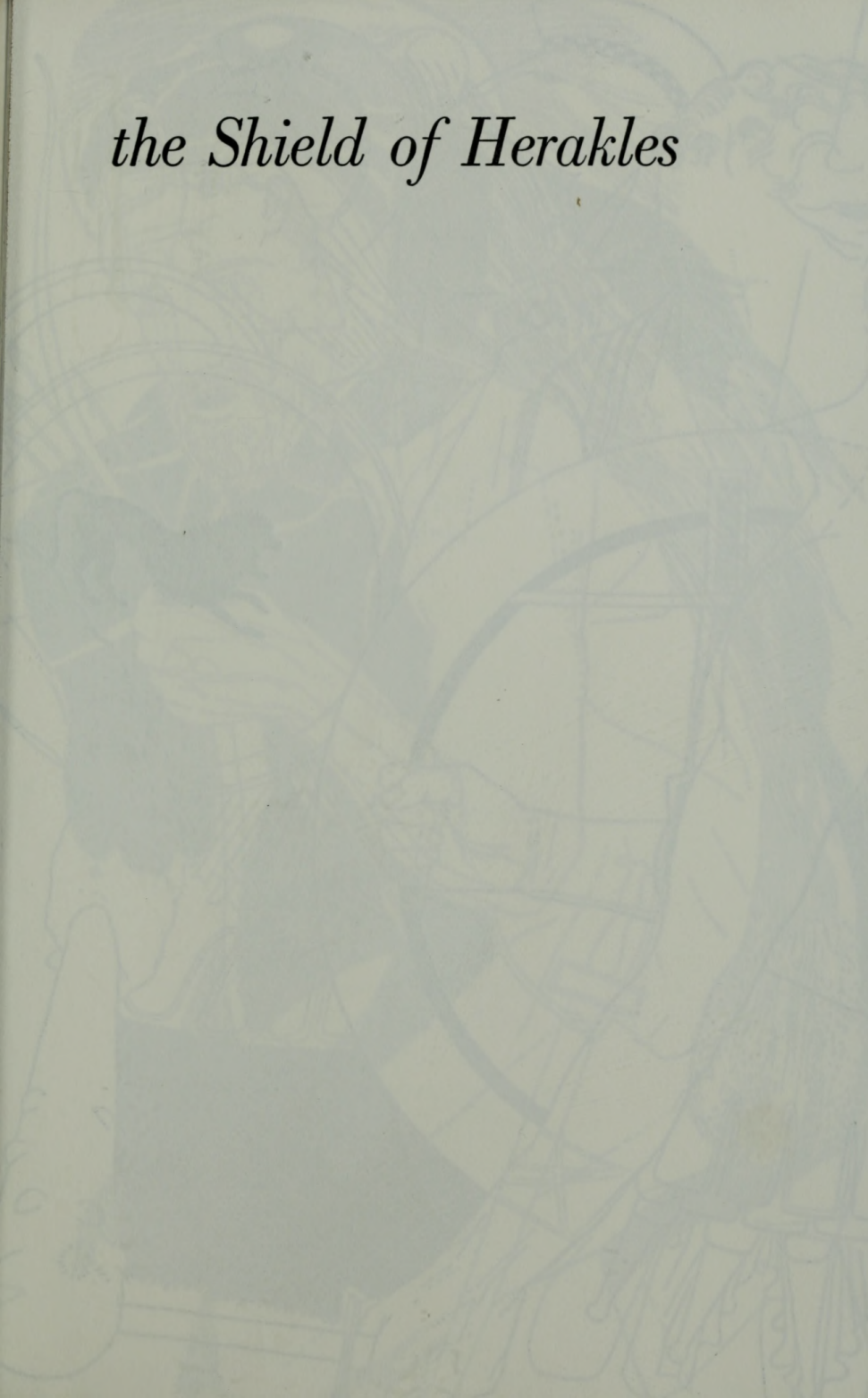
These went to bed with mortal men and,  
 themselves immortal,

1020 bore to them children in the likeness  
of the immortals.

But now, O sweet-spoken Muses of Olympos,  
daughters  
of Zeus of the aegis,  
sing out the generation of women.

Like her . . . or like her . . . or like her  
who . . .

*the Shield of Herakles*











- Or like her who, leaving her house  
 and the land of her fathers,  
 came to Thebes, in the company  
 of warlike Amphitryon;  
 she, Alkmene, daughter of the leader of men,  
 Elektryon;  
 she who, for stature and beauty,  
 surpassed all the generation  
 5 of female women; and for intellect also  
 she had no rival  
 among any of those who, mortal themselves,  
 lay with mortals, and bore them  
 children; and from her head  
 and her dark eyes there was  
 a blowing grace, as if it were  
 from Aphrodite the golden.  
 But for all this, she in her mind  
 was devoted to her own  
 10 husband, as no other of womankind  
 ever was devoted.  
 Now he, overpowering him, had killed  
 her excellent father  
 in a quarrel over cattle,  
 and so leaving his own country  
 came as suppliant to Thebes  
 and to the shield-armored Kadmeians.  
 And there he had his house, and lived,  
 with his modest, wedded  
 15 wife; but without the sweet delight of love,  
 for he was not  
 allowed to go into the bed  
 of Elektryon's light-stepping daughter

until he should avenge the murder  
 of his wife's high-hearted  
 brothers, and with ravening fire  
 burn up the villages  
 of fighting men and heroes,  
 Taphians and Teleboans.

- 20 Such had been his agreement,  
 and the gods had been witnesses to it,  
 and the thought of their anger  
 was in his mind, yet he was hastening  
 to get the great work done  
 that Zeus had imposed upon him  
 as soon as might be, and with him,  
 longing for battle and fighting,  
 went the Boiotians, lashers-on of horses,  
 breathing fury under  
 25 their shields, and the Lokrians  
 who fight at close quarters, and the high-hearted  
 Phokians, and at the head of all  
 the big son of Alkaios  
 glorying in his people. Meanwhile,  
 the father of gods and mortals  
 was weaving another design in his mind,  
 how, both for gods  
 and for men who eat bread,  
 he might plant a protector against destruction.
- 30 He rose up from Olympos, mulling over  
 in the mind his deception,  
 for he wanted the love  
 of the well-girt woman. He went  
 by night. Presently he came to Typhaonion,  
 and from

there Zeus of the counsels  
 lighted on top of Sphinx Hill,  
 and there sat down and thought out  
 the wonders he would put into action;  
 35 for that very night  
 he lay with Elektryon's daughter, lady  
 of light walking, in love and in bed,  
 and all his desire was accomplished,  
 and that same night Amphytryon,  
 leader of men, a glorious  
 hero, came back to his own house,  
 with his own work accomplished,  
 and would make no move  
 to see his serving men, nor his shepherds  
 40 of the countryside, until he had gone to bed  
 with his wife, for such  
 was the longing in the heart of Amphytryon,  
 the shepherd of the people.  
 And, as when a man, to his great delight,  
 has escaped the hardship  
 of some hard-wearing sickness,  
 or from strong constraint of imprisonment,  
 so now Amphytryon, having wound up  
 his hard assignment, came  
 45 full of delight and love  
 back into his own household,  
 and there, nightlong, he lay in the arms  
 of his modest wife  
 reveling in the delights given by Aphrodite  
 the golden,  
 and the lady, submitting to the god,  
 and to the man far best

of men in Thebes of the seven gates,  
 bore twin sons  
 50 whose hearts and spirits were not alike;  
 it is true they were brothers,  
 but the one was a lesser man,  
 and the other a man far greater,  
 a dread man and strong, Herakles the powerful.  
 This one  
 she conceived under the embraces of Zeus,  
 the dark clouded,  
 but the other one, Iphikles,  
 to Amphitryon of the restless  
 55 spear; seed that was separate;  
 one lying with a mortal man  
 and one with Zeus, son of Kronos,  
 marshal of all the immortals.

It was he, Herakles, who killed Kyknos,  
 high-hearted son of Ares,  
 for he came upon him in the precinct  
 of Apollo, who strikes from afar,  
 himself and his father, Ares  
 insatiable in battle, blazing  
 60 both of them like the light of burning fire  
 in their armor  
 and standing in their chariots,  
 and their running horses trampled  
 and dented the ground with their hooves,  
 and the dust swirled up around them,  
 beaten up between the compacted chariot  
 and the feet of the horses,  
 and the well-put-together chariots  
 and their rails clattered

- 65 to the gallop of the straining horses,  
 and handsome Kyknos was joyful  
 in his hope of slaughtering the warlike son  
 of Zeus with the bronze  
 spear, and his driver with him,  
 and stripping their glorious armor;  
 but Phoibos Apollo would not listen  
 to his prayers and promises,  
 since he himself had set powerful Herakles  
 against him.
- 70 And all the grove  
 and the altar of Pagasaian Apollo  
 were lighted up by the dread god,  
 Ares, himself and his armor,  
 and the shining from his eyes was like fire.  
 Who that was only  
 mortal could have been so hardy  
 as to advance upon him  
 except only Herakles and glorious Iolaos?
- 75 For the strength of these was great and arms  
 and hands irresistible  
 grew, out of the shoulders of each,  
 and their massive bodies.  
 Now Herakles spoke to his charioteer,  
 strong Iolaos:  
 "Iolaos, O hero, far dearest to me  
 of all mortals,  
 surely Amphytryon had sinned greatly  
 against the blessed
- 80 immortals who hold Olympos at that time when,  
 leaving Tiryns,  
 the strong-founded citadel, he came to Thebes  
 of the ring wall,



- after he had killed Elektryon  
 over the broad-faced cattle,  
 and came before Kreon and Enioche  
 of the trailing garments,  
 who greeted him; and gave him all  
 that was becoming, as  
 85 is right to do with suppliants,  
 and for this fact their hearts respected him  
 all the more, and he lived in delight  
 with Elektryon's fair-stepping daughter,  
 his wife; and presently, in the turning  
 of the seasons, we two  
 were born, your father and I,  
 though we were not alike either  
 in body's growth or mind; for Zeus  
 took away the wits of Iphikles,  
 90 and he went away, and forsook his own house  
 and his own parents,  
 and went to pay court to the man  
 of evil ways, Eurystheus;  
 harsh man; and in truth, afterwards,  
 he much regretted it  
 and grieved for his folly, but what was done  
 could not be recovered.  
 But for my share, the spirit has loaded  
 hard trials upon me.  
 95 So, dear friend, make haste:  
 you hold the crimsoned reins  
 of the fast-footed horses, and raising  
 in your heart valor to greatness  
 hold straight ahead the swift chariot  
 and the strength of the fast-footed

horses, nor fear the crashing  
 of manslaughtering Ares  
 who now, screaming aloud,  
 courses all over the sacred

100 grove of Phoibos Apollo,  
 the lord of far-ranging arrows.

Strong though Ares is, this passion  
 for battle is madness."

In turn again, Iolaos the handsome  
 spoke to him:

"My uncle, in very fact the father  
 of gods and mortals  
 exalts your head, as does the bull-god,  
 the Shaker of the Earth

105 who keeps the coronal of Thebes,  
 and defends the high city,  
 for such is even this man, one tall  
 and powerful, whom  
 he leads in your hand's reach,  
 so you can win high glory.

But come, put on your armor of battle,  
 so that, with all speed,  
 we may bring together the two chariots,  
 ours and Ares',

110 and fight; he will not terrify  
 either yourself, the fearless  
 son of Zeus, nor me, Iphikles' son; no,  
 I think rather  
 he must run away before the two children  
 of blameless Alkeides  
 who now are close upon him and longing  
 to begin the clamor

of battle, which to them is far dearer  
than any festival."

115 So he spoke, and Herakles in his strength  
smiled on him

joyful at heart, for Iolaos spoke  
as he would have wished him to,  
and he spoke in turn, answering,  
and addressed him in winged words:

"Iolaos, O hero, illustrious,  
the rough encounter  
is not far off now, so, with that skill  
you have always

120 had, now guide the great horse,  
Arion of the black mane,  
through all his turns and make him help us,  
as best you are able."

So speaking, Herakles fastened over  
his shins greaves  
of shining tempered bronze,  
the glorious gifts of Hephaistos,  
and next about both sides of his chest  
he put on the corselet

125 which was handsome, and gold,  
and much inwrought, and once was given him  
by Pallas Athene, daughter of Zeus,  
on that time when first  
he was about to launch himself  
on his sorrowful labors;  
and now about his shoulders the dreaded man  
put the iron  
guard against blows, and looped to his chest  
and hanging backward

130 slung on the hollow quiver,  
 with many arrows inside it;  
 stiffening things, bestowers of death  
 and the forgetting of voices;  
 and they held death at the front end of them,  
 and drizzled tears,  
 but the middle parts were smooth,  
 and very long, and the back ends  
 hidden beneath the feathers  
 taken from a golden eagle.

135 Then he took up a ponderous spear,  
 headed with shining bronze,  
 and over his powerful head  
 he set the strong-fashioned helmet  
 intricately wrought of steel,  
 and it fitted over  
 his temples, and this guarded the head  
 of godlike Herakles.

In his hands he took up his shield,  
 all-glancing, nor could anyone  
 140 break it, either by cast or stroke,  
 a wonder to look at.

For all about the circle of it,  
 with enamel and with pale  
 ivory, and with electrum it shone,  
 and with gold glowing  
 it was bright, and there were folds  
 of cobalt driven upon it.

In the middle was a face of Panic,  
 not to be spoken of,  
 145 glaring on the beholder  
 with eyes full of fire glinting,

and the mouth of it was full of teeth,  
 terrible, repugnant  
 and glittering white, while over  
 the lowering forehead hovered  
 a figure of dread Hate, marshaling  
 the slaughter of fighting men,  
 cruel spirit, who took the senses  
 and perception out of  
 150 those fighters who tried to fight  
 in the face of Zeus' son, the War God,  
 and the souls of these went under the ground,  
 to the house of Hades,  
 and lay there, while the bones,  
 with the dry skin rotting upon them,  
 festered along the black earth  
 under the Sun-star's withering.  
 On it were wrought the figures of Onrush  
 and Backrush, on it  
 155 Battlenoise and Panic  
 and Manslaughter were blazing,  
 and Hate was there with Confusion among them,  
 and Death the destructive;  
 she was holding a live man with a new wound,  
 and another  
 one unhurt, and dragged a dead man  
 by the feet through the carnage.  
 The clothing upon her shoulders  
 showed strong red with the men's blood,  
 160 as she glared, horribly,  
 and gnashed her teeth till they echoed.  
 And on it were the heads of snakes,  
 dreaded, indescribable,



twelve of them, who across the land  
 pursued the races of mortals,  
 those fighters who tried to fight  
 in the face of Zeus's son, Herakles.  
 And when Amphitryon's son did battle,  
 the sound of the grinding  
 165 of their teeth came out,  
 and these wonderful works of art blazed up,  
 and it looked as if the mottled marking  
 of these terrible great snakes  
 could be seen, bluish upon the backs,  
 but at the jaws darkening.  
 And on it there were masses of wild pigs,  
 and of lions  
 glaring against each other, full of rage,  
 straining to advance,  
 170 and the ranks of them were ranged  
 in companies, nor could you see  
 either side flinch from the other.  
 Both bristled their backs up, and now  
 already there was lying between them  
 one great lion, and by him  
 two wild boars, the life gone out of them,  
 and the black blood  
 running off them into the ground, as they,  
 with necks extended  
 175 lay there, fallen to the assault  
 of the grim-faced lions;  
 but for this, both sides were only  
 all the more stirred up, raging  
 to do battle, alike the wild pigs  
 and the glare-eyed lions.

- And on it was the battle  
 of the Lapith spearmen, fighting  
 about the Lord Kaineus, and Dryas  
 and Peirithoös,  
 180 Hopleur and Exadios,  
 and Prolochos and Phaleros,  
 and Mopsos son of Ampyke, from Titaresia,  
 scion of Ares,  
 and Theseus, Aigeus' son,  
 in the likeness of the immortals.  
 These were in silver, but upon their bodies  
 they wore armor  
 of gold; and over against them, facing,  
 were gathered the Centaurs  
 185 fighting about great Petraios,  
 and Asbolos the diviner,  
 Arktos and Oureios,  
 and Mimas of the black hair,  
 and the two sons of Peukeus, Dryalos  
 and Perimedes,  
 and these were in silver, but the fir trees  
 they had in their hands  
 were golden, and they were streaming together,  
 as if they were alive,  
 190 and battering each other in close combat  
 with spears and fir trunks.  
 And on it were standing  
 the swift-footed horses of grim-faced  
 Ares, in gold, and he himself, the spoiler,  
 the destructive,  
 gripping his spear in his hands  
 and calling out to the foot-fighters,

- and stained red with blood,  
 as if he stood in his chariot  
 195 and were killing real, live men,  
 and beside him Terror and Panic  
 stood, straining forward  
 to get into the battle of warriors.  
 And on it was Zeus' daughter,  
 Athene Tritogeneia  
 the spoiler, like herself when she wishes  
 to marshal the battle,  
 holding in her hands the spear  
 and wearing the golden helmet  
 200 with the aegis upon her shoulders,  
 and she was entering the dread battle.  
 And on it was the sacred chorale  
 of the immortals,  
 in whose midst the son of Zeus  
 and Leto made lovely  
 205 music on his golden lyre,  
 and the Muses of Pieria,  
 goddesses, led the chorus in the likeness  
 of clear singers.  
 And on it was an anchorage  
 of the restless sea, good harbor,  
 wrought upon a circle of pure tin,  
 and it was made  
 like rough water, and out on the surface  
 of it were many  
 210 dolphins, fishing, and plunging  
 about one way and another  
 as if they were swimming,  
 and two in particular, done in silver,

were blowing, as they darted  
 after the scaly fishes,  
 and the fish, done in bronze,  
 fled away before them; meanwhile, on the rocks,  
 a fisherman was sitting, waiting his chance,  
 and holding  
 215 a fishing net in his hands, made like one  
 who was about to cast it.  
 And on it was made Perseus, the rider,  
 the son of fair-tressed  
 Danaë, who did not touch the shield  
 with his feet, but they were not  
 far, a great wonder to try to describe,  
 for they were not supported,  
 this being handicraft from the renowned smith  
 of the strong arms  
 220 done in gold. On Perseus' feet  
 were the flying sandals,  
 and across his shoulders was slung  
 the black-bound sword, suspended  
 on a sword-belt of bronze, and he hovered  
 like a thought in the mind,  
 and all his back was covered  
 with the head of the monster, the dreaded  
 Gorgon, and the bag floated about it,  
 a wonder to look at,  
 225 done in silver, but the shining tassels  
 fluttered, and they  
 were gold, and the temples  
 of the lord Perseus were hooded over  
 by the war-cap of Hades, which confers  
 terrible darkness.

The son of Danaë, Perseus himself,  
 sped onward, like one who  
 goes in haste and terror, as meanwhile  
 the rest of the Gorgons  
 230 tumbled along behind him, unapproachable,  
 indescribable,  
 straining to catch and grab him,  
 and on the green of the steel  
 surface gibbered the sound of their feet  
 on the shield running  
 with a sharp high noise,  
 and on the belts of the Gorgons a pair  
 of snakes were suspended,  
 but they reared and bent their heads forward  
 235 and flickered with their tongues.  
 The teeth for their rage were made jagged  
 and their staring fierce,  
 and over the dreaded heads of the Gorgons  
 was great Panic shivering.

On the space of  
 the shield above these  
 were men, with the warlike armor upon them,  
 fighting in battle,  
 some striving to beat destruction away  
 from their own city  
 240 and their own parents, while the others  
 were raging to sack the city.  
 Many men were down, but more yet  
 were still fighting  
 and in combat, while on their  
 strong-built bastions, which were done  
 in bronze, their women cried sharp  
 and shrill, tore their cheeks

with their nails, like living women:  
the work of glorious Hephaistos.

- 245 And men, the seniors, on whom old age  
had seized already,  
were sitting assembled outside the gates,  
and holding up their hands  
to the immortal gods, being in fear  
for the sake of their children,  
and these for their part were fighting  
their battle, and where they were  
the Spirits of Death, dark-colored,  
and clattering their white teeth,  
250 deadly-faced, grim-glaring, bloody  
and unapproachable,  
were fighting over the fallen men,  
all of them rushing forward  
to drink of the black blood; and each,  
as soon as she had snatched  
a man, down already, or just dropping  
from a wound, would hook her great claws  
about his body, while his soul went down  
to the realm of Hades  
255 and cold Tartaros. Then when the Spirits  
had sated their senses  
on the blood of men's slaughter,  
they would throw what was left behind them  
and go storming back into the battle-clamor  
and the struggle.  
Klotho and Lachesis stood over them,  
and smaller  
than they was Atropos, no tall goddess,  
yet she it is



260 who is eldest of them,  
 and ranked high beyond the two others.  
 And all of these were making  
 a grisly fight over  
 one man, glaring horribly at each other  
 with eyes full of anger  
 and making an equal fight of it  
 with claws and bold hands,  
 and beside them was standing Deathmist,  
 dismal and dejected,  
 265 green and pale, dirty-dry,  
 fallen in on herself with hunger,  
 knee-swollen, and the nails were grown long  
 on her hands, and from  
 her nostrils the drip kept running,  
 and off her cheeks  
 the blood dribbled to the ground,  
 and she stood there, grinning  
 270 forever, and the dust that had gathered  
 and lay in heaps on her shoulders  
 was muddy with tears.

Next this was a city

of men, well walled,  
 and golden were the seven gates  
 that were in it, fitted  
 with lintels, and the people in it,  
 with merrymaking and dances,  
 held festival, for some,  
 in a smooth-running mule-carriage,  
 were bringing the bride to the groom,  
 and the loud bride-song was arising.  
 275 Far away there flared the light  
 of the torches blazing

in the hands of the serving-maids, and they,  
 festive in the occasion,  
 ran on ahead, and the choruses  
 came after them, playing;  
 the men, to the accompaniment of clear pipes,  
 were singing  
 from their light mouths, and the sound  
 of their voices was breaking about them,  
 280 while the girls, to the music of lyres,  
 led on the lovely chorus.  
 There again, on the other side,  
 young men reveled to the music  
 of the flute, some playing to it  
 with dancing and singing,  
 while others, each in time  
 to the flute player, and laughing,  
 ran on ahead, and the whole city  
 was in the hold of festivity  
 285 and dancing and delight.

Now there were others,  
 in front of the city,  
 mounted astride horses, and galloping,  
 and there were plowmen  
 breaking up the divine earth,  
 and made with their tunics  
 tucked up. Now the soil of the land  
 was deep, and some, with sharpened  
 sickles, were reaping the down-curving heads,  
 that weighted  
 290 the stalks, as if they were harvesting  
 the yield of Demeter,  
 and some were sheaving them in binders,  
 and strewing the threshing floor,

and some, with reaping hooks in their hands,  
     were cutting the grapes, while  
 others again took from the gatherers  
     and put in baskets  
 the grape clusters, black and white,  
     from the great vine-rows  
 295 which were weighted down by their foliage  
     and silvery tendrils,  
 while others again carried the baskets,  
     and next them the vine-row  
 was done in gold, the glorious work  
     of careful Hephaistos,  
 shivering with leaves, and with vine-poles  
     done in silver, and weighted  
 300 down beneath its clusters, and these again  
     had been darkened.  
 Some were treading, others draining  
     the juice, while others were contending  
 in matches, with fists, or wrestling,  
     while others again, who were huntsmen,  
 were chasing fleet-footed hares  
     with their rip-fanged dogs in front of them,  
 racing to catch the hares who raced  
     to get away from them.  
 305 Next to them, there were horsemen toiling,  
     who for the sake  
 of a prize contended and labored,  
     and the charioteers, standing  
 in the strong-fabricated chariots,  
     raced their fast horses  
 with reins slackened,  
     and the compacted chariots, thundering

along, flew swift, with the axles  
in the naves screaming.

310 So they toiled on, unendingly,  
nor ever had victory  
been won by any of them, but their race  
was yet undecided;  
and before them, in the infield,  
was set as a prize a great tripod  
done in gold, the glorious work  
of careful Hephaistos.

And about the shield rim ran the stream  
of the Ocean, looking  
315 like flood tide, and held together  
all the elaborate shield, and upon it  
swans, some soaring and singing a high song,  
while many others  
swam on the water surface where fish  
swarmed away before them.

It was a wonder to look at,  
even for Zeus deep-thundering, through  
whose counsels Hephaistos  
had made the shield, great and massive,  
320 fitting it with his hands.

And now the powerful  
son of Zeus  
swung it with full control and leaped down  
from the horse-chariot  
like a lightning-flash from the hand  
of his father, Zeus of the aegis,  
stepping light on his feet,  
and his charioteer, strong Iolaos,

standing firm on its floor steered  
 the curved chariot. Meanwhile,  
 325 the goddess, Athene of the gray eyes,  
 came and stood close beside them  
 and spoke to them in encouragement  
 and addressed them in winged words:  
 "Hail, generation of Lynkeus famed afar.

Now

Zeus, lord over the immortals,  
 grants you the triumph,  
 to kill Kyknos, and to strip away  
 his glorious armor.

330 But another thing I will say to you now,  
 O best of all people.

After you have robbed Kyknos  
 of the sweetness of life, then  
 you must leave him where he is,  
 and his armor with him,  
 and yourself keep your eye  
 on manslaughtering Ares, as he  
 advances, and where, watching,  
 you see a bare place, under

335 the elaborate shield, there stab him  
 with the sharp bronze, then  
 draw back and away; it has not been destined  
 for you to capture  
 either the horses of Kyknos,  
 or his glorious armor."

So she spoke, shining among goddesses,  
 and mounted the chariot  
 swiftly, holding in her immortal hands  
 victory, and the glory

- 340 of success; and then Iolaos,  
       descended of heaven, cried out  
 a terrible cry to his horses, and they,  
       to their master's outcry,  
 lightly and dustily through the plain  
       pulled the fast chariot.  
 For in them, with a flourish of her aegis,  
       the goddess  
 gray-eyed Athene inspired courage,  
       and the earth thundered  
 345 about them, and the others came on opposed,  
       like fire, like a stormcloud,  
 Kyknos breaker of horses  
       and Ares insatiate of battle,  
 and as their horses on either side  
       came facing, they neighed  
 sharply, and the sound of their voices  
       was breaking about them.  
 First of the two heroes to speak  
       was the mighty Herakles:  
 350 "Kyknos, old friend, why do you hold  
       your fast horses against us  
 now? We are men well versed in the toil  
       and sorrow of battle.  
 No, now, hold to one side  
       your polished chariot, and let us  
 go through on the road. I will tell you.  
       I am passing through to Trachis  
 and the lord Keÿx, who is pre-eminent in Trachis, for power  
 355 and respect in which he is held,  
       and you yourself know him well,  
 seeing you are married to his daughter,  
       dark-eyed Themistonoë.



Ares, old friend, will not be able  
to keep the ending of death  
from you, if ever we once come together  
in combat. Even  
before now, I claim, he has at one time  
had experience

360 of my spear, upon that time when,  
above sandy Pylos,  
he stood up against me, raging hard  
in fury for battle,  
and three times, under the stabbing  
of my spear on his shield, he was  
knocked down upon the ground,  
and the fourth time, I thrust  
with all my rage at his thigh  
and split a great hole in his body,  
365 and headlong into the dust he tumbled then,  
under my spearing.

And there he might have been disgraced  
among the gods, if  
he had gone down under my hands  
and left the bloody spoils to me."

So he spoke, but Kyknos  
of the strong ash spear did not  
at all ponder obeying  
and checking the horses that drew  
370 his chariot. Now both leapt suddenly  
to the ground from strong-fabricated  
chariots: the son of Zeus  
and the son of the Lord of Battles.  
The charioteers drove  
their fluttering-maned horses close

together, and under their hastening feet  
the broad earth thundered.

As when, from the towering pinnacle  
of a great mountain,

375 boulders spring off and come down,  
tumbling one against another,  
and many oaks with sweeping foliage,  
many pines

and black poplars that spread wide  
their roots are splintered beneath them  
as they roll and nimbly bounce  
until they come to the flat land;

so these two, screaming high,  
crashed together, and all

380 the city of the Myrmidons, and famous Iolkos,  
Arne and Helike and Antheia of the grasses,  
re-echoed to the sound of their battlecries,  
and they with inhuman  
clamor came on, and Zeus of the counsels  
crashed a great stroke

and he wept tears of blood that rained  
from the sky, to make

385 memorable his high-hearted son's  
battle-encounter.

As, in the ravines of the mountains,  
a toothy boar, hard

to track down, is minded in his heart  
to fight it out

against the men who are hunting him, and,  
at bay turning,

sharpens his white teeth,  
and the slaver dribbles at his mouth

390 as he grinds them together,  
and his eyes are like fire blazing,  
and on his spine and the back of his neck  
the bristles stiffen up;  
such was the son of Zeus as he sprang  
from his horse-drawn chariot.  
And at the time when the dark-winged  
loud grasshopper, sitting  
on a green branch, begins to sing  
in the summer for mortal  
395 people; his food and drink  
are the female dew; and starting  
with the dawn, and all day long,  
he pours his voice out, in  
the time of the most terrible heat,  
when the Sun-star burns skin;  
at which time the grain-heads ripen  
upon the millet  
that men sow in summer,  
when the grapes bunch up into clusters,  
400 what Dionysos has given to men,  
a joy and a burden;  
this season the heroes fought,  
and a great tumult rose up;  
as of two lions who, over the body  
of a killed deer,  
rage against each other and charge,  
and terrible  
is the crying that goes up  
and the noise of their teeth snapping;  
405 and they, then, as two hook-clawed,  
beak-bent vultures

above a tall rock-face  
 high-screaming go for each other  
 over a goat that ranges the mountains,  
 or a fat deer  
 of the wilds; some young hunter  
 has made a shot, and killed it  
 with an arrow from his bowstring,  
 but he has gone straying elsewhere  
 410 not knowing the ground, and the vultures  
 have been quick to perceive it  
 and have swooped down  
 and begun a grim battle over him;  
 so now these two heroes, screaming,  
 went for each other.

And now Kyknos, furious to kill the son  
 of powerful  
 Zeus, made a cast into the shield  
 with his brazen spear,  
 415 but could not break the bronze,  
 and the gift of the god guarded him.  
 And now Amphitryon's son,  
 Herakles the powerful, swiftly  
 struck, and forcibly with the long spear,  
 between helm  
 and shield, where the throat  
 had been left unguarded, beneath  
 the chin, and the manslaughtering ash spear  
 cut through  
 420 both tendons, for great was the strength  
 of the man that was driven behind it.  
 He fell, then, as some oak goes down,  
 or a sky-towering

pine tree, stricken by the smoky thunderbolt  
of Zeus. So

he fell, and his armor elaborate  
with bronze clashed upon him.

Then the stout-hearted son of Zeus  
left him to lie there

425 and himself kept watch

on manslaughtering Ares, as he came onward,  
keeping his dread eyes upon him,

like a lion that has come on

a victim, and, with his strong claws,  
violently tears up

the hide, and with no time lost  
robs the victim of sweet life;

and the heart of him is filled  
and darkened within by anger,

430 and with terrible green glare in his eyes,  
with his tail he lashes

his own ribs and shoulders,

and digs with his claws, and no one

who watches him has the courage to go close  
or fight against him;

such was the son of Amphitryon,  
insatiate of battle,

as he stood up to face Ares,

advancing on him and swelling

435 the valor within; and the other

came close to him, heart vexed with fury,

and the two of them, screaming aloud,  
advanced to encounter.

As when a boulder, breaking loose,  
springs from a great cliff

and rolls down in long bounces, and with furious force

and crashing noise goes on, but then  
 there is a high cliff standing  
 440 in its way, and the boulder crashes into it,  
 and is stopped there;  
 with such tumult Ares the destructive,  
 burden of chariots,  
 charged crying aloud on Herakles,  
 who came eagerly to meet him.

But now Athene, daughter of Zeus  
 of the aegis, came  
 to stand in the path of Ares,  
 herself wearing the gloomy aegis.  
 445 She looked scowling terribly at him  
 and spoke in winged words:  
 "Ares, stay now your fury and power,  
 and your hands invincible;  
 for you are not permitted to kill Herakles,  
 the bold-hearted  
 son of Zeus, and then despoil  
 him of his glorious armor;  
 so come, stop this battle,  
 and do not stand up against me."

450 So she spoke, but could not persuade  
 the great heart in Ares,  
 but he, screaming aloud,  
 flourishing his spear like a flame,  
 rapidly made his rush  
 against the powerful Herakles,  
 furious to kill him, and cast at him  
 with the bronze spear  
 in anger and resentment  
 for his son who was fallen,



- 455 and struck the great shield,  
but gray-eyed Athene, reaching  
out of the chariot, turned aside  
the shock of the spearhead.  
The bitter sorrow closed on Ares,  
and drawing his sharp sword  
he swept in against Herakles  
the strong-hearted, but as he came in  
Amphitryon's son, insatiate  
of the terrible battle-cry,  
460 stabbed with full force  
into the thigh left bare under  
the elaborate shield, and twisting  
with the spear tore  
a great hole in the flesh,  
and beat him to the ground between.  
Then Panic and Terror drove  
their smooth-running chariot and horses  
close up to him, and lifted him  
from the wide-wayed earth  
465 and set him in the elaborate chariot,  
and presently  
lashed on the horses,  
and they made their way to tall Olympos.  
But Herakles, son of Alkmene,  
with glorious Iolaos,  
stripped the splendid armor  
from the shoulders of Kyknos  
and hastened on, and presently  
with their fast-footed horses  
470 reached the citadel of Trachis,  
while gray-eyed Athene

made her way to great Olympos  
and the house of her father.

But Kyknos was buried by Keÿx  
and the numberless people  
of that glorious King, those who lived  
in the cities thereabouts,  
in Anthe, the city of the Myrmidons,  
and famous Iolkos,

475 Arne and Helike, and a great multitude  
was assembled

doing honor to Keÿx who was the friend  
of the blessed immortals.

But the river Anauros, swollen  
with winter rain, obliterated

the barrow and the grave;

for this was the will of Leto's  
son, Apollo; because Kyknos had waylaid  
and forcibly  
robbed the glorious hecatombs,  
as men brought them to Pytho.

# Genealogical Tables



# A THE ORIGINAL GODS

Chaos  
Gaia  
Tartaros  
Eros

**Note:** Although Chaos came first (T 116) it is not stated that Chaos begot the other original gods.

## B

Chaos (no consort mentioned)

Erebos = Night

Aither Hemera

## U

Gaia (without consort)

Ouranos      Ourea      Pontos

## D

Gaia = Tartaros

Typhoeus

# THE GREAT GENERATION OF TITANS

(A) Gaia = Ouranos (C)

Okeanos	Krios	Iapetos	Rheia	Mnemosyne	Tethys	Brontes	Arges	Briareos
Koios	Hyperion	Theia	Themis	Phoibe	Kronos	Steropes	Kottos	Cyes

## F

(A) Gaia = the blood of Ouranos

Furies

# Giants

## Nymphs of the Ash Trees

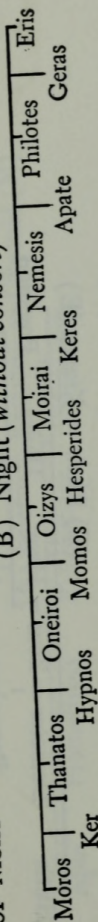
Ⓢ

## Members of Ouranos

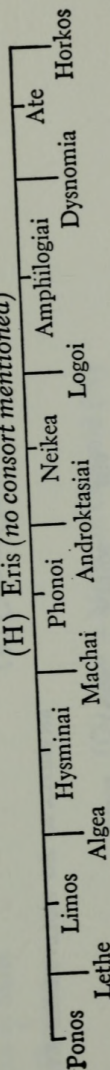
# Aphrodite

# H THE CHILDREN OF NIGHT

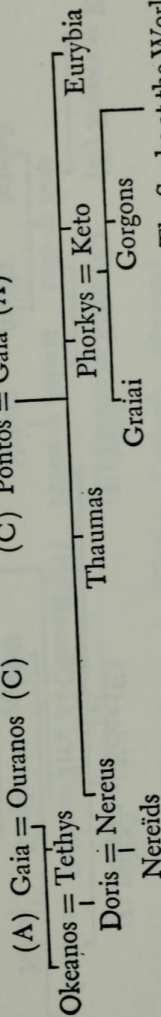
## (B) Night (without consort)



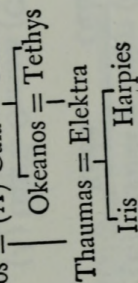
## (H) Eris (no consort mentioned)



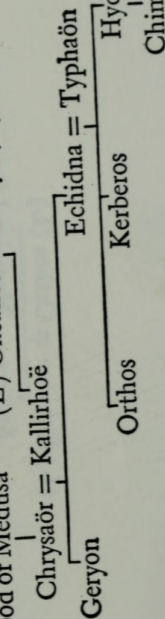
## (A) Gaia = Ouranos (C) (C) Pontos = Gaia (A)



## (C) Pontos = (A) Gaia = Ouranos (C)



## Blood of Medusa (E) Okeanos = Tethys (E)



M

(L) Echidna = Orthos (L)  
                     └─ Sphinx    Nemcian Lion

N

(E) Okeanos = Tethys (E)  
                     └─ Rivers    Okeanids

O

(A) Gaia = Ouranos (C)  
                     └─ Theia = Hyperion (E)  
                             └─ Helios    Selene    Eos

P

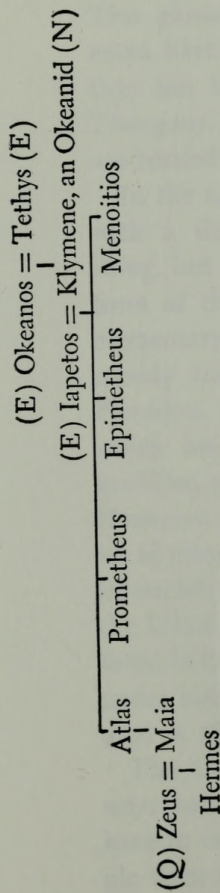
(J) Eurybia = Krios (E)    (E) Phoibe = Koios (E)    (E) Kronos = Rheia (E)  
                     └─ Pallas = Styx, an Okeanid (N)    Perses = Asteria    Leto = Zeus  
                             └─ Zephyros    Boreas    Notos    Eosphoros    Stars    Hekate    Apollo    Artemis  
   └─ Zelos    Nike    Kratos    Bia

## Q THE GREAT GENERATION OF OLYMPIANS

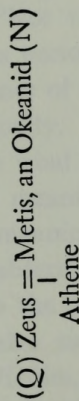
(A) Gaia = Ouranos (C)  
                     └─ (E) Rheia = Kronos (E)  
                             └─ Histia    Demeter = Zeus = Hera    Hades    Poseidon  
   └─ Persephone    Ares    Hebe    Eileithyia



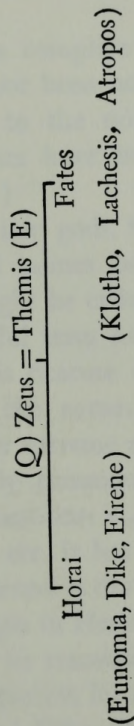
R



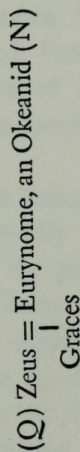
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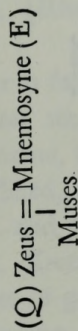
T



U



V



W

(Q) Poseidon = Amphitrite, a Nereid (J)  
|  
Triton

(Q) Hera (*without consort*)

|  
Hephaistos = Aglaia, one of the Graces (U)

(Q) Zeus = Alkmene, a mortal

|  
Herakles = Hebe (Q)

(G) Aphrodite = Ares (Q)

|  
Panic | Terror | Harmonia = Kadmos, a mortal

|  
Semele = Zeus (Q)

|  
Dionysos = Ariadne

# Glossary

This glossary is not a complete index. Casual references have generally not been noted. Particular attention has been given to the notice of birth in the *Theogony*. Place names have been omitted. (Rivers are treated as persons.)

In the names of certain gods, the translator is faced with a difficulty. All names originally mean something, but in what might be called the pure name, the form of the meaningful term has been modified, the elementary meaning is obscure or disputed, and one merely transliterates the name: e. g., Zeus, Kronos, Poseidon. At the other extreme are the names of gods which are also simply common nouns standing for qualities, activities, situations: e. g., Dike is Justice, the Hysminai are Battles, etc. It has generally seemed better to translate these terms in the text, so as to show the interrelation of concepts in Hesiod. In such cases, both the Greek name and its translation have usually been listed in the glossary. Justice, for instance, will be found under both Justice and Dike. Greek names are mostly used in the genealogies.

The Greek and English terms do not, however, always have a one-to-one equivalence. Rendering may have to vary according to context. Thus for Eris no single term seems to fit. In *The Works and Days* (11) I have called her "Strife," but in *Theogony* I have gone

to the conventional translation, "Discord." I am not sure, in view of her children, that here "Disorder" might not be better; one of her children is, for instance, Lethe, who is not only Forgetfulness, but also Indifference or Unawareness; but the line has to be drawn somewhere.

A guide to syllabic stress is given. There is no silent final *e* in Greek, and such a name as Hebe will always be two syllables, not one.

I have avoided the Latinized forms, as I did in my translation of *The Iliad*, except for a few familiar names like Jason, Circe, Apollo.

Abbreviations are *s* (*Shield of Herakles*), *τ* (*Theogony*), and *w* (*Works and Days*).

Acheloi'os: a River. τ340.

Achil'leus: son of Peleus and Thetis. τ1007.

Achlys: Deathmist, a Spirit. s264.

Adme'te: an Okeanid. τ349.

Aë'llo: a Harpy. τ267.

Affection (Philotes): child of Night. τ224.

Agau'e: a Nereïd. τ247.

Agau'e: daughter of Kadmos and Harmonia. τ976.

Aglai'a: one of the Graces. τ909; 946.

Ag'rios: son of Odysseus and Circe. τ1013.

Ai'akos: husband of Psamathe. τ1004.

Aïdo'neus: by-name of Hades. τ913.

Aïdos: Respect or Shame, a Spirit. w197; 317.

Aie'tes: son of Helios and Perseïs. τ957.

Aig'eus: father of Theseus. s182.

Ainei'as: son of Anchises and Aphrodite. τ1009.

Aise'pos: a River. τ342.

Aïson: father of Jason. τ992.

Aither: the bright Air, child of Night and Erebos. τ124.

Akas'te: an Okeanid. τ356.

Aktaï'ë: a Nereïd. τ249.

Al'gea, the: the Pains, children of Discord. τ227.

- Alkai'os: father of Amphitryon. s26.  
 Alkme'ne: wife of Amphitryon, mother of Herakles. t943; s3.  
 Alpei'os: a River. t338.  
 Amphi'damas: baron at Chalkis. w655.  
 Amphi'giai, the: the Disputations, children of Discord. t229.  
 Am'phiro: an Okeanid. t360.  
 Amphi'trite: a Nereïd. t243; 252; 930.  
 Amphi'tryon: husband of Alkmene. s2; 79. Called Alkeides, "son of Alkaïos," s112.  
 Am'pyke: mother of Mopsos. s181.  
 Anchi'ses: husband of Aphrodite. t1009.  
 Androkta'siai, the: the Manslaughters, children of Discord. t228. In singular, s155.  
 A'pate: Deception, daughter of Night. t224.  
 Aphrodi'te: also called Kytherei'a, Philomme'dea, Kyprogenei'a, born from the members of Ouranos. t200; 933; 1008; w65.  
 Apollo: son of Zeus and Leto. t919; w771; s58; 479.  
 Ardes'kos: a River. t345.  
 Ares: son of Zeus and Hera. t923; 934; s57; 109; 192; 357; 425.  
 Ar'ges: one of the Kyklopes. t140.  
 Ariad'ne: daughter of Minos, wife of Dionysos. t947.  
 A'rimoi: a people of the north. t304.  
 Ari'on: chariot horse of Iolaos. s120.  
 Aristai'os: husband of Autonoë. t977.  
 Arktos: a Centaur. s186.  
 Ar'temis: daughter of Zeus and Leto. t919.  
 As'bolos: a Centaur. s185.  
 Asia: an Okeanid. t359.  
 Aste'ria: daughter of Koios and Phoibe. t409.  
 Astrai'os: son of Krios and Eurybia. t367; 379.  
 Ate: Ruin, daughter of Discord. t230.  
 Athe'ne: daughter of Zeus and Metis. t889; 929a; of Zeus alone, t924; see also w63; s126; 325; 443.  
 Atlas: son of Iapetos and Klymene. t509; 517; 746.

A'tropos: one of the Fates. τ218; 905; s254.

Auto'noë: a Nereid. τ258.

Auto'noë: daughter of Kadmos and Harmonia. τ977.

Backrush (Palioxis): a Spirit. s154.

Battlenoise (Homados): a Spirit. s155.

Battles, the (Hysminai): children of Discord. τ228.

Belle'rophon (Bellerophon'tes): killer of Chimaira. τ325.

Bia: Force, daughter of Pallas and Styx. τ385.

Bo'reas: the (north) Wind, son of Astraio and Eos. τ380;  
870; w505.

Bri'areos: also called Obriareos, son of Ouranos and Gaia.  
τ149; 617; 734.

Brontes: one of the Kyklopes. τ140.

Centaurs, the: enemies of the Lapithai. s184.

Chaos: the first of the Gods. τ116.

Cha'rites, the: the Graces, daughters of Zeus and Eury-  
nome. τ908.

Cheiron: teacher of Medeios. τ1001.

Chimai'ra: beast, daughter of Hydra. τ319; 325.

Chry'saör: born of Medusa's blood. τ281; 288; 980.

Chryse'is: an Okeanid. τ359.

Circe (Kirke): daughter of Helios and Perseis. τ957; 1011.

Confusion (Kydoimos): a Spirit. s156.

Da'naë: mother of Perseus. s217.

Day (Hemera): child of Night and Erebus. τ124; 748.

Death (Thanatos): son of Night. τ212; 759.

Deathmist (Achlys): a Spirit. s264.

Deception (Apate): daughter of Night. τ224.

Deimos: Terror, son of Ares and Aphrodite. τ934; s463.

Deme'ter: daughter of Kronos and Rheia. τ454; 912; 969;  
w200; 465.

Destinies, the (Moirai): daughters of Night. τ217.

Dike: Justice, one of the Seasons. τ902; w217; 256.

Dio'ne: an Okeanid. τ353.

Diony'sos: son of Zeus and Semele. τ941; 947.



- Discord (Eris): child of Night. 1225.  
 Disputations, the (Amphilogiai): children of Discord.  
     1229.  
 Doris: an Okeanid, wife of Nereus, mother of the Nereïds.  
     1240; 350.  
 Doris: a Nereïd. 1250.  
 Dos: Give, a Spirit. w356.  
 Doto: a Nereïd. 1248.  
 Dreams, the (Oneiroi): children of Night. 1212.  
 Dry'alos: a Centaur. s187.  
 Dryas: a Lapith. s179.  
 Dyna'mene: a Nereïd. 1248.  
 Dysno'mia: Lawlessness, daughter of Discord: 1230.
- Echid'na: daughter of Kallirhoë. 1297; 326.  
 Eileithy'ia: daughter of Zeus and Hera. 1923.  
 Ei'one: a Nereïd. 1255.  
 Eire'ne: Peacetime, one of the Seasons. 1902; w228.  
 Elek'tra: an Okeanid, wife of Thaumias. 1265; 349.  
 Elek'tryon: father of Alkmene. s3; 82.  
 Elpis: Hope, a Spirit. w96.  
 Ema'thion: a son of Tithonos and Eos. 1985.  
 Eni'oche: wife of Kreon. s83.  
 En'yo: one of the Graiai. 1273.  
 Eos: Dawn, daughter of Hyperion and Theia. 1372; 378;  
     984.  
 Eos'phoros: the Dawnstar, son of Astraios and Eos. 1381.  
 Epime'theus: son of Iapetos and Klymene. 1511; w85.  
 E'rato: one of the Muses. 178.  
 E'rato: a Nereïd. 1246.  
 E'rebos: Darkness, child of Chaos. 1123.  
 Eri'danos: a River. 1338.  
 Erigenei'a: by-name of Eos ("early-born"). 1381.  
 Erin'yes, the: the Furies, born of the blood of Ouranos.  
     1185; w803.  
 Eris: Discord, child of Night. In *Works and Days* and  
     *The Shield*, translated Strife. 1225; w11; 804; s148;  
     156.

Eros: Love, an original god. 1120; 201.  
 Eua'gore: a Nereïd. 1257.  
 Euar'ne: a Nereïd. 1259.  
 Eudo'ra: a Nereïd. 1244.  
 Eudo'ra: an Okeanid. 1360.  
 Eue'nos: a River. 1345.  
 Eukran'te: a Nereïd. 1243.  
 Euli'mene: a Nereïd. 1247.  
 Euni'ke: a Nereïd. 1246.  
 Euno'mia: Lawfulness, one of the Seasons. 1902.  
 Euphro'syne: one of the Graces. 1909.  
 Eupom'pe: a Nereïd. 1261.  
 Euro'pa: an Okeanid. 1357.  
 Eury'ale: a Gorgon. 1276.  
 Eury'bia: daughter of Pontos. 1239; 375.  
 Eury'nome: an Okeanid. 1358; 907.  
 Eury'stheus: taskmaster of Herakles. 89.  
 Eury'tion: oxherd of Geryon. 1293.  
 Euter'pe: one of the Muses. 177.  
 Exa'dios: a Lapith. 8180.

Fates, the (Moirai or perhaps Keres): daughters of Night.  
 1217; daughters of Zeus and Themis, 1904.  
 Force (Bia): daughter of Pallas and Styx. 1385.  
 Forgetfulness (Lethe): daughter of Discord. 1227.  
 Furies, the (Erinyes): born from the blood of Ouranos.  
 1185; 1803.

Gaia: Earth, an original god. 1106; 117; 238; 607; 821.  
 Galatei'a: a Nereïd. 1250.  
 Galaxau'ra: an Okeanid. 1353.  
 Gale'ne: a Nereïd. 1244.  
 Geras: Old Age, child of Night. 1225.  
 Ge'ryon (Gery'ones): son of Chrysaör and Kallirhoë.  
 1289; 982.  
 Giants, the: born from the blood of Ouranos. 1185.  
 Give (Dos): a Spirit. 1356.  
 Glauke: a Nereïd. 1244.

- Glauko'nome: a Nereid. t256.  
 Gorgons, the: daughters of Phorkys and Keto. t274; s224.  
 Gossip (Pheme): a Concept raised to the status of Spirit.  
     w760.  
 Grab (Harpax): a Spirit. w356.  
 Graces, the (Charites): daughters of Zeus and Eurynome.  
     t908.  
 Graiai: the gray sisters, daughters of Phorkys and Keto.  
     t270.  
 Gre'nikos: a River. t342.  
 Grievances, the (Neikea): children of Discord. t229.  
 Gyes: son of Ouranos and Gaia. t140; 618; 713; 734.  
  
 Hades: son of Kronos and Rheia. t455; 768; 913.  
 Ha'lia: a Nereid. t245.  
 Haliak'mon: a River. t341.  
 Halime'de: a Nereid. t255.  
 Hardship (Ponos): son of Discord. t226.  
 Harmo'nia: daughter of Ares and Aphrodite. t937; 975.  
 Harpax: Grab, a Spirit. w356.  
 Harpies, the: daughters of Thaumás and Elektra. t267.  
 Hebe: daughter of Zeus and Hera. t923; 953.  
 He'kate: daughter of Perses and Asteria. t411.  
 Helen: Queen of Sparta. w165.  
 Helios: the Sun, son of Hyperion and Theia. t371; 956;  
     1011.  
 He'mera: Day, child of Night and Erebus. t124; 748.  
 Hephaistos: son of Hera. t928; 945; w60; s123; 319.  
 Hepta'poros: a River. t341.  
 Hera: daughter of Kronos and Rheia. t454; 921.  
 He'rakles: son of Zeus and Alkmene. t289; 318; 527; 944;  
     950; s52; 349.  
 Hermes: son of Zeus and Maia. t939; w67.  
 Hermos: a River. t343.  
 Hesperides, the: daughters of Night. t215.  
 Hills, the (Ourea): children of Gaia. t129.  
 Hi'meros: Desire, a Spirit. t201.  
 Hippo: an Okeanid. t351.

Hippo'noë: a Nereïd. τ251.  
 Hippo'thoë: a Nereïd. τ251.  
 His'tia: daughter of Kronos and Rheia. τ454.  
 Ho'mados: Battlenoise, a Spirit. s155.  
 Hope (Elpis): a Spirit. w96.  
 Hop'leus: a Lapith. s180.  
 Horai: the Seasons, daughters of Zeus and Themis. τ901.  
 Horkos: Oath, son of Discord. τ231; w219; 804.  
 Hybris: Violence, a Spirit. w217.  
 Hydra: daughter of Typhaon and Echidna. τ113.  
 Hype'rion: son of Ouranos and Gaia. τ134; 371.  
 Hypnos: Sleep, son of Night. τ212; 759.  
 Hysmi'nai, the: the Battles, children of Discord. τ228.

Ianei'ra: an Okeanid. τ356.  
 Ian'the: an Okeanid. τ349.  
 Ia'petos: son of Ouranos and Gaia. τ134; 507.  
 Ia'sion: husband of Demeter. τ970.  
 Idy'ia: an Okeanid. τ352; 961.  
 Ino: daughter of Kadmos and Harmonia. τ976.  
 Iola'os: son of Iphikles, companion-in-arms of Herakles.  
     τ318; s74.  
 I'phikles: son of Amphitryon and Alkmene. s54; 89.  
 Iris: daughter of Thaumas and Elektra. τ266.  
 Istros: the Danube, a River. τ339.

Jason (Iason): husband of Medeia. τ992.  
 Justice (Dike): one of the Seasons. τ902; w217; 256.

Kadmos: husband of Harmonia. τ937; 975.  
 Kaï'kos: a River. τ343.  
 Kaï'neus: a Lapith. s179.  
 Kalli'ope: one of the Muses. τ79.  
 Kalli'rhoë: an Okeanid. τ287; 351; 979.  
 Kalyp'so: an Okeanid. τ359; 1017.  
 Ke'phalos: husband of Eos. τ986.

Ker: Fate (of a person), daughter of Night. T211. In plural, possibly the same as Moirai, T218; see also (as Death) S156; 249.

Ker'beros: dog, son of Typhaön and Echidna. T311; 769.

Kerke'is: an Okeanid. T355.

Keto: daughter of Pontos. T238; 270; 333.

Keÿx: king of Trachis. S354; 472.

Kleio: one of the Muses. T77.

Klotho: one of the Fates. T218; 905; S258.

Kly'mene: an Okeanid. T351; 507.

Kly'tia: an Okeanid. T352.

Koios: son of Ouranos and Gaia. T134; 404.

Kottos: son of Ouranos and Gaia. T149; 618; 713; 734.

Kratos: Power, child of Pallas and Styx. T385.

Kreon: king of Thebes. S83.

Krios: son of Ouranos and Gaia. T134; 376.

Kronos: son of Ouranos and Gaia. T137; 168; 453; 460; W111; 169.

Kydoi'mos: Confusion, a Spirit. S156.

Kyklo'pes, the: the Cyclopes, sons of Ouranos and Gaia. T139.

Kyknos: son of Ares. S57; 349; 413.

Kymato'lege: a Nereïd. T252.

Kymo: a Nereïd. T255.

Kymo'doke: a Nereïd. T252.

Kymo'thoë: a Nereïd. T245.

La'chesis: one of the Fates. T218; 905; S258.

Ladon: a River. T344.

Laomedei'a: a Nereïd. T257.

Lapith (ai): the people of Peirithoös. S178.

Lati'nos: son of Odysseus and Circe. T1013.

Lawfulness (Eunomia): one of the Seasons. T902.

Lawlessness (Dysnomia): daughter of Discord. T230.

Lea'gore: a Nereïd. T257.

Lethe: Forgetfulness, daughter of Discord. T227.

Leto: daughter of Koios and Phoibe. T406; 918; W771.

Limos: Starvation, son of Discord. T227; W299.

Logoi, the: the Stories, children of Discord. T229.

Lyn'keus: ancestor of Herakles. S327.

Lysianas'sa: a Nereïd. T258.

Machai, the: the Quarrels, children of Discord. T228.

Maia: daughter of Atlas. T938.

Maian'dros: a River. T339.

Manslaughters, the (Androktasiai): children of Discord.  
T228. In singular, S155.

Medei'a: daughter of Aietes and Idyia. T962; 993.

Medei'os: son of Jason and Medeia. T1001.

Medu'sa: a Gorgon. T276.

Me'lite: a Nereïd. T247.

Melo'bosis: an Okeanid. T354.

Melpo'mene: one of the Muses. T77.

Memnon: son of Tithonos and Eos. T984.

Menes'tho: an Okeanid. T367.

Menip'pe: a Nereïd. T260.

Menoit'ios: son of Iapetos and Klymene. T510.

Metis: an Okeanid. T358; 886; 929a.

Mimas: a Centaur. S186.

Mnemo'syne (Memory): daughter of Ouranos and Gaia,  
mother of the Muses. T53; 135; 915.

Mockery (Momos): son of Night. T214.

Moirai, the: the Destinies (or Fates), daughters of Night.  
T217.

Momos: Mockery, son of Night. T214.

Mopsos: a Lapith. S181.

Moros: End (of life), son of Night. T211.

Murders, the (Phonoi): children of Discord. T228.

Muses, the (Mousai): daughters of Mnemosyne and Zeus.  
T25; 77; 915; W1; 658.

Nausi'noös: son of Odysseus and Kalypso. T1018.

Nausi'thoös: son of Odysseus and Kalypso. T1018.

Nei'kea, the: the Grievances, children of Discord. T229.

Neilos: the Nile, a River. T338.



- Nemeian Lion, the: child of Orthos and Echidna. τ327.  
 Nemer'tes: a Nereïd. τ262.  
 Ne'mesis: Decency, daughter of Night. τ223. As public conscience, w197.  
 Ne'reïds, the: daughters of Nereus and Doris the Okeanid. τ242.  
 Ne'reus: son of Pontos. τ233; 240.  
 Nesai'e: a Nereïd. τ249.  
 Neso: a Nereïd. τ261.  
 Nessos: a River. τ341.  
 Night (Nyx): child of Chaos. τ107; 123; 211; 744; 748.  
 Nike: Victory, daughter of Pallas and Styx. τ384.  
 Notos: the (south) Wind, son of Astraïos and Eos. τ380; 870.  
 Nymphs, the: children of Gaia. τ130.  
 Nymphs of the Ash Trees, the: born of the blood of Ouranos. τ187.
- Oath (Horkos): son of Discord. τ231; w219; 804.  
 Obri'areos: *see* Briareos.  
 Odys'seus: husband of Circe and Kalypso. τ1012.  
 Oi'dipous: king of Thebes. w163.  
 Oizys: Pain, son of Night. τ214.  
 Oke'anids, the: daughters of Okeanos and Tethys. τ346.  
 Oke'anos: the Ocean Stream, son of Ouranos and Gaia. τ133; 337.  
 Oky'pete: a Harpy. τ267.  
 Oky'roë: an Okeanid. τ360.  
 Old Age (Geras): child of Night. τ225.  
 Onei'roi, the: the Dreams, children of Night. τ212.  
 Onrush (Proïoxis): a Spirit. s154.  
 Orthos: dog of Geryon, son of Typhaön and Echidna. τ293; 309; 326.  
 Oura'nia: one of the Muses. τ78.  
 Oura'nia: an Okeanid. τ350.  
 Ou'ranos: the Sky, son of Gaia. τ106; 127; 155; 617.  
 Ou'rea: the Hills, children of Gaia. τ129.  
 Ourei'os: a Centaur. s186.

- Pains, the (Algea): children of Discord. τ227.  
 Palio'xis: Backrush, a Spirit. s154.  
 Pallas: son of Krios and Eurybia. τ376; 383.  
 Pallas: extra name of Athene. s126.  
 Pando'ra: the woman made by the gods. τ571 (not named); w81.  
 Panic (Phobos): son of Ares and Aphrodite. τ934; s144; 155; 463.  
 Panopei'a: a Nereïd. τ250.  
 Parthe'nios: a River. τ344.  
 Pasi'thea: a Nereïd. τ246.  
 Pasi'thoë: an Okeanid. τ352.  
 Peacetime or Peace (Eirene): one of the Seasons. τ902; w228.  
 Pe'gasos: the horse born of Medusa's blood. τ281.  
 Peiri'thoös: a Lapith. s179.  
 Peitho: an Okeanid. τ349.  
 Pe'leus: husband of Thetis. τ1006.  
 Pe'lias: taskmaster of Jason. τ995.  
 Pemphre'do: one of the Graiai. τ273.  
 Penei'os: a River. τ343.  
 Perime'des: a Centaur. s187.  
 Perse'is: an Okeanid. τ356; 957.  
 Perse'phone: daughter of Zeus and Demeter. τ912.  
 Perses: son of Krios and Eurybia. τ377; 410.  
 Perses: Hesiod's brother. w10; 274; 637.  
 Per'seus: son of Zeus and Danaë. τ280; s216.  
 Petrai'e: an Okeanid. τ356.  
 Petrai'os: a Centaur. s185.  
 Peu'keus: a Centaur. s187.  
 Pha'ethon: son of Kephalos and Eos. τ987.  
 Phale'ros: a Lapith. s180.  
 Phasis: a River. τ340.  
 PHEME: Gossip, a Concept raised to the status of Spirit. w760.  
 Pherou'sa: a Nereïd. τ248.  
 Phi'lotes: Affection (or Friendship), child of Night. τ224.  
 Phi'lyra: mother of Cheiron. τ1001.

Phobos: Panic, son of Ares and Aphrodite. t934; s144;  
s155; 463.

Phoibe: daughter of Ouranos and Gaia. t136; 404.

Phokos: son of Aiakos and Psamathe. t1004.

Phonoi, the: the Murders, children of Discord. t228.

Phorkys: son of Pontos. t237; 270; 333.

Plei'ades: stars, daughters of Atlas. w383.

Plexau'ra: an Okeanid. t353.

Ploto: a Nereïd. t243.

Plouto: an Okeanid. t355.

Plutos: son of Iasion and Demeter. t970.

Polydo'ra: an Okeanid. t354.

Polydo'ros: son of Kadmos and Harmonia. t978.

Polym'nia: one of the Muses. t78.

Ponos: Hardship, son of Discord. t226.

Pontoporei'a: a Nereïd. t256.

Pontos: the Sea, son of Gaia. t107; 132; 233.

Posei'don: son of Kronos and Rheia. t456; 930; w667;  
s104.

Pouly'noë: a Nereïd. t258.

Power (Kratos): child of Pallas and Styx. t385.

Proïo'xis: Onrush, a Spirit. s154.

Pro'lochos: a Lapith. s180.

Prome'theus: son of Iapetos and Klymene. t510; 521;  
w50.

Pro'noë: a Nereïd. t261.

Proto: a Nereïd. t248.

Protomedei'a: a Nereïd. t249.

Prymno: an Okeanid. t350.

Psa'mathe: a Nereïd. t260; 1005.

Quarrels, the (Machai): children of Discord. t228.

Respect (Aidos): a Spirit. w197.

Rheia: daughter of Ouranos and Gaia. t135; 403.

Rhesos: a River. t340.

Rhodei'a: an Okeanid. t351.

Rho'dios: a River. t341.

Rivalry (Zelos): son of Pallas and Styx. τ384.  
 Rivers, the: sons of Okeanos and Tethys. τ347.  
 Ruin (Ate): daughter of Discord. τ230.

Sanga'rios: a River. τ344.

Saö: a Nereïd. τ243.

Seasons, the (Horai): daughters of Zeus and Themis.  
 τ901.

Sei'rios: either the star so named or the Sun. w417; 587;  
 s153.

Sele'ne: the Moon, daughter of Hyperion and Theia.  
 τ371.

Se'mele: daughter of Kadmos and Harmonia. τ940; 976.

Shame (Aidos): a Spirit. w317.

Si'moeis: a River. τ342.

Skaman'dros: a River. τ345.

Sleep (Hypnos): son of Night. τ212; 759.

Speio: a Nereïd. τ245.

Sphinx: daughter of Orthos and Echidna. τ327; s33.

Starvation (Limos): son of Discord. τ227; w299.

Ste'ropes: one of the Kyklopes. τ140.

Sthenno: a Gorgon. τ276.

Stories, the (Logoi): children of Discord. τ229.

Strife (Eris): *see* Discord, Eris.

Strymon: a River. τ389.

Styx: greatest of the Okeanids. τ361; 383; 775.

Tar'taros: the pit beneath the earth, an original God.  
 τ119; 736; 821.

Tele'gonos: son of Odysseus and Circe. τ1014.

Teles'to: an Okeanid. τ358.

Terpsi'chore: one of the Muses. τ78.

Terror (Deimos): son of Ares and Aphrodite. τ934; s463.

Tethys: daughter of Ouranos and Gaia. τ136; 337.

Thalei'a: one of the Muses. τ77.

Tha'lia: one of the Graces. τ909.

Tha'natos: Death, son of Night. τ212; 759.

Thaumas: son of Pontos. τ237; 265.

- Theia: daughter of Ouranos and Gaia. τ135; 371.  
 Themis: daughter of Ouranos and Gaia. τ135; 901.  
 Themis'to: a Nereïd. τ261.  
 Themisto'noë: daughter of Keÿx, wife of Kyknos. s356.  
 The'seus: son of Aigeus, ally of the Lapithai. s182.  
 Thetis: a Nereïd. τ244; 1006.  
 Thoë: a Nereïd. τ245.  
 Thoë: an Okeanid. τ354.  
 Titans, the: the children of Ouranos and Gaia. τ208; 716.  
 Titho'nos: husband of Eos. τ984.  
 Tritogenei'a: by-name of Athene. τ895.  
 Triton: son of Poseidon and Amphitrite. τ931.  
 Tyche: an Okeanid. τ360.  
 Typha'on: husband of Echidna. τ306.  
 Typho'eus: son of Tartaros and Gaia. τ822.  
  
 Victory (Nike): daughter of Pallas and Styx. τ384.  
 Violence (Hybris): a Spirit. w217.  
  
 Winds, the: children of Typhoeus. τ869.  
  
 Xanthe: an Okeanid. τ356.  
  
 Zelos: Rivalry, son of Pallas and Styx. τ384.  
 Ze'phyros: the (west) Wind, son of Astraïos and Eos.  
     τ379; 870.  
 Zeus: son of Kronos and Rheia. τ54; 457; 883; 886; 901–  
     929; 938; w2; 105; 169; 267; 465; s27; 383.  
 Zeuxo: an Okeanid. τ352.

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RICHMOND LATTIMORE, professor of Greek at Bryn Mawr and a Rhodes Scholar, was educated at Dartmouth, Oxford, and the University of Illinois. Among his other verse translations are THE ODES of Pindar, THE ILIAD, Aeschylus' ORESTEIA, and THE FROGS of Aristophanes. He is also the author of STORY PATTERNS IN GREEK TRAGEDY and of two volumes of original poetry, POEMS and SESTINA FOR A FAR-OFF SUMMER: Poem 1962.



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